JUNE 25c

Coronet

DON'T LAUGH AT WOMEN'S CLUBS!

Brain Rays: Red Secret Weapon?

Sid Caesar: Baby Sitter

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Just one way to find out . . .

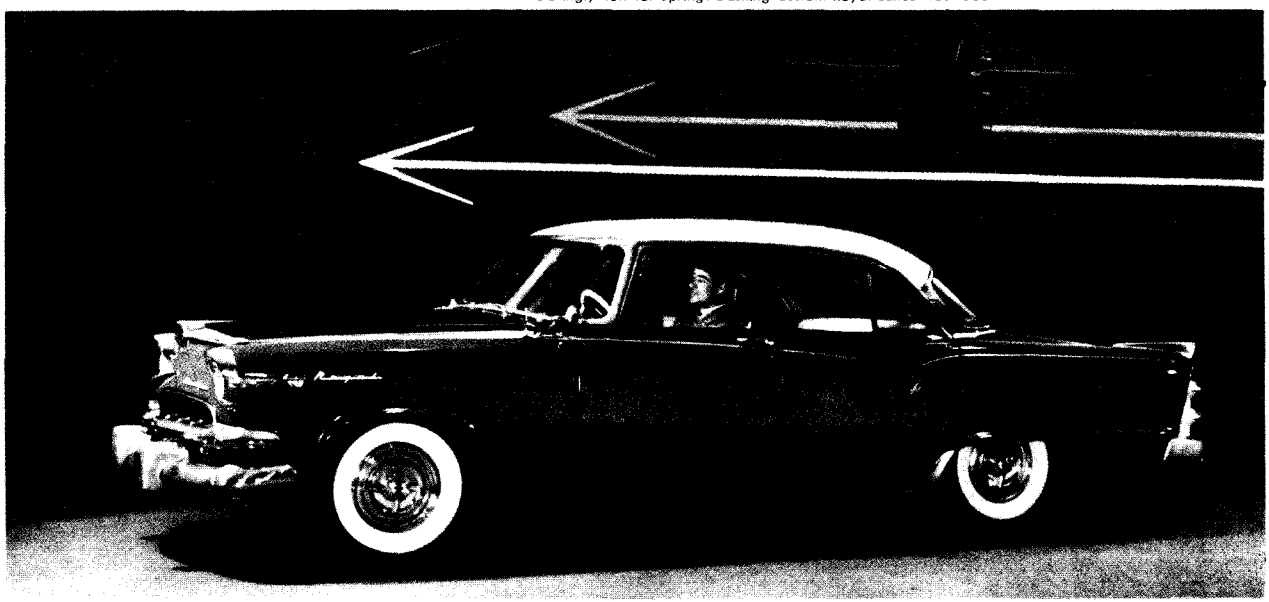
Take command . . . get the thrill first hand!

It's dashing! It's dazzling! And along with its luxury-car length and brilliant style, this new Dodge packs the greatest *thrill of command* on the road today. *Take command . . . get the thrill first hand!*

Drive The New

DODGE

Daringly new for Spring! Dashing Custom Royal Lancer four-door!



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How we retired in 15 years with $250 a month

HERE we are, living in California. We've a little house just a few minutes from the beach. For, you see, I've retired with $250 a month as long as we live.

But if it *weren't* for that $250, we'd still be living in Forest Hills and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, by chance in 1930. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to a show. While she dressed, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire."

We'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

This ad told of a way that a man of 40 could get a guaranteed income of $250 a month starting at 55 or 60. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. The ad offered more information. *No harm in looking into it,* I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. I mailed it on our way out to the theatre.

The years slid by fast. Times changed . . . depression came . . . and war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I was always glad about!

1945 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired.* We sold the house and drove west. We're living a new kind of life out here—with $250 a month that will keep coming as long as we live.

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

OVER 100 YEARS OF LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTION FOR BUSINESS AND FAMILIES

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Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
146 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without obligation, your free 28-page book showing new retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name_____

Date of Birth_____

Business Address_____

Home Address_____

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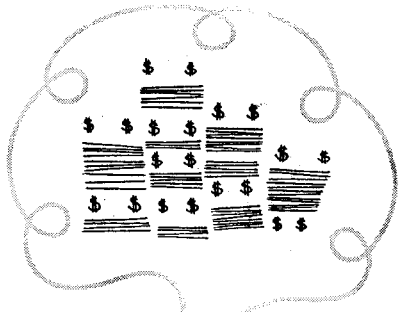

it all comes back to me...

yes, I have all my money back plus so much protection for my family, too!

Here's an example of what a BMA Special Plan will do for you:

(based on age 35)

★

YOU Save
$5.00 per Week

IF YOU LIVE

All Money
Refunded at Age 65....$ 7,800

IF YOU DIE

MONEY for your family—

Before Age 65.....$ 9,444
After Age 65
(instead of refund).....$10,341

IF YOU QUIT

In 10 years, for example:

A completed contract for...$2,899
Or, a cash or loan value of..$1,891

All figures are guaranteed and shown to nearest dollar.

Call your B.M.A. representative or write to our Home Office and let us tell you how the new B.M.A. Savings Endowment Plan will work for you and your family.

BUSINESS MEN'S ASSURANCE
Company of America
B.M.A. Bldg. • Kansas City 41, Mo.

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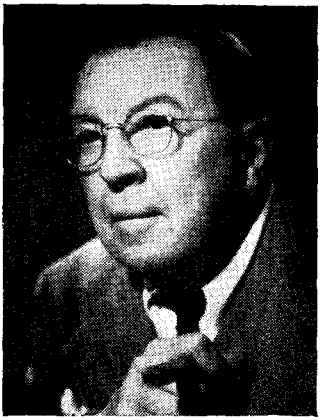
Prominent author Rupert Hughes speaks from personal experience...

"How you can be young in thought and action about your hearing loss"



Mr. Rupert Hughes, world-famous author, playwright, producer, poet, biographer and composer.

"If you need a hearing aid, I hope you are not hesitating because you have the mistaken notion that it might make you look older.

"Actually, the exact opposite is true: A hearing aid will help you to look, act and feel *years younger*.

"If that seems surprising, have you seen yourself—as others do—with your face showing the strain as you try desperately to hear? Have you noticed yourself growing more tense and irritable each passing day? . . . losing confidence and enthusiasm? . . . becoming more suspicious and lonely?

"All this is the tragic result of not being able to hear properly. It places a burden on family and friends, robs you of happiness and opportunities, makes you old before your time. *Be sure that it does not happen to you!*

"Years ago, I brightened my life with a Zenith Hearing Aid, and I have been thankful ever since. If you want to be good to yourself, modern and progressive, I urge you to do the same."

• • • • •

We are grateful to Mr. Hughes for granting us permission to place his important and moving message before America's hard of hearing.

Mr. Hughes is one of a distinguished group of authors, statesmen, scientists, executives and millionaires who can afford to pay any price for a hearing aid but wear the $75 Zenith.

Some people who do not know the *astonishing facts* about hearing aid prices and quality are surprised when they learn of Zenith's widespread acceptance by those who always buy the finest. They find it incredible that Zenith Aids, selling for $75, $100 and $125, are unsurpassed by other instruments priced at $250 to $300 and more.

Indeed it *does* seem incredible! . . . and yet the answer is so simple:

All makes of hearing aids cost about the same to manufacture. Highest quality Zenith instruments do not sell for $250 to $300—as do many others—because they do not include a high profit mark-up for so-called "selling expenses."

Zenith's superb line of 5 tubeless, transistor models offers 432 individual power-tone response modifications. Get the one best suited to your hearing loss.

10-day Money-Back Guarantee. Full-Year Warranty. Five-Year Service Plan. Easy Time Payments. Your Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer is listed in the classified telephone directory. Or write for literature and local dealer list: Dept. 56T of

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
5801 Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois
Zenith... Royalty of Radio, TV and Hearing Aids

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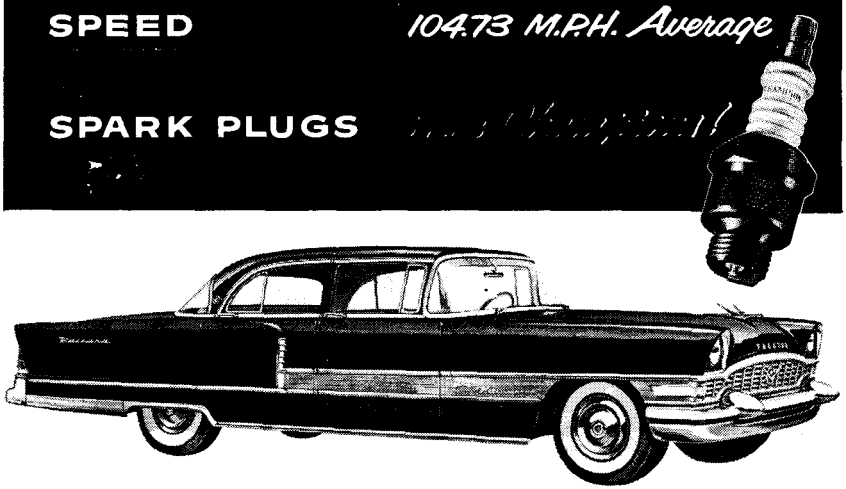
CAR — Packard

DISTANCE — 25,000 Miles

TIME — 238 Hours, 41 Min.

SPEED — 104.73 M.P.H. Average

SPARK PLUGS — [illegible] Champion



NEVER BEFORE HAS ANY CAR GONE SO FAR, SO FAST!

A Packard Sedan powered by a pre-production 1955 Packard Patrician engine and equipped with regular 5-Rib Champion Spark Plugs made automotive history in this 25,000-mile endurance test supervised by the AAA.

Its dependable Champions functioned perfectly as the car covered a distance greater than the earth's circumference at an average of 104.73 m.p.h.—one of the most remarkable performance runs ever made by a motorcar.

MORE PROOF that full-firing Champions and top performance are a natural combination in *any* car. *MORE REASON you* should make the change to Champions—soon!

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

5-RIB

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

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THE MONTH'S BEST...

"THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS" finds Bob Hope following closely behind his friend Bing Crosby in a dramatic role. Fashioned for him by Mel Shavelson and Jack Rose (the writing team of Hope's delightful "Sorrowful Jones"), this Paramount production in VistaVision and Technicolor is a natural for his multiple talents. As Eddie Foy, Hope gives his best performance. He sings, clowns and dances breezily through the vaudeville routines, and builds his struggles with a restless, motherless brood into a warm portrait of human foibles.

Although he shuns responsibility whenever possible, Eddie Foy finds he can never escape it—either in the famous Iroquois Theater fire *(left)* or backstage, dodging a designing dancer *(above)*.

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"Not a man in sight..."

As I was driving along a country road with four other women as my guests a tire went flat. My heart sank with it, for my tire-changing experience was nil and the road was empty of aid. Pulling to the side, I hunted out the tools, remarking as I did so:

"Not a man in sight, of course. What we need is an angel from heaven!"

Imagine our astonishment when a cheery voice above our heads said, "I'll be down in a minute, lady." Unknowingly, I had stopped beside a telephone pole at the top of which sat our "angel"—a line repairman.

From the Reader's Digest *feature,* Life in These United States.

A Friend in Need

We got a chuckle out of that little story and we hope you did too. Best thing about it is that it isn't an isolated case.

Many a time each day, telephone men and women go out of their way to help someone in trouble. Their friendly, neighborly spirit is one of the nice things about telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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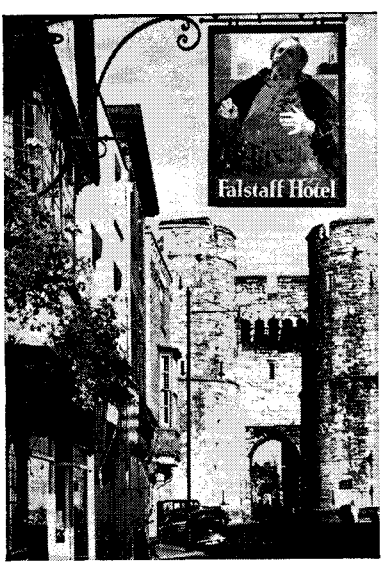
TRAVEL

English Hospitality

An odd name: *The Load of Mischief.*



This one greets Canterbury travelers.

England's oldest: *The Fighting Cocks.*

FOR CENTURIES, the picturesque signs which mark England's inns have brightened its quiet, lovely countryside. Paying tribute to heraldry, sports, or religious and historical events, they unfold a fascinating social history. British inns follow a tradition of comfort and hospitality, and their legends weave around colorful figures like highwayman Dick Turpin, authors Charles Dickens and Samuel Johnson.

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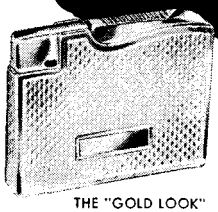
AMERICA'S NEWEST MOST EFFICIENT AUTOMATIC LIGHTER



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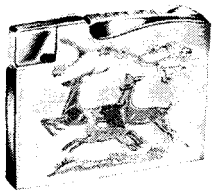
all gold tone **$6.95**



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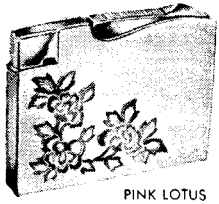
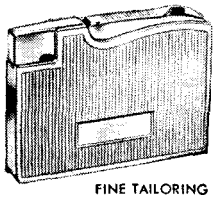


PINK LOTUS
delicate colors on gold tone
$8.95



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durable chrome or gold tone
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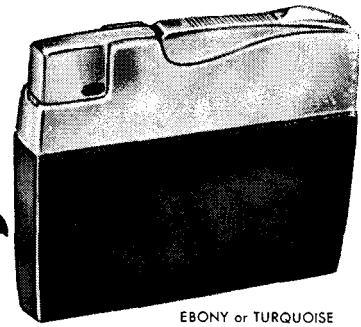

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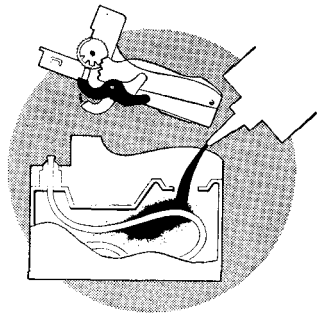
EBONY or TURQUOISE
gold tone top **$4.95**

the

ELGIN AMERICAN *"400"*

an altogether NEW concept in lighter design



from $4.95

Mechanism lifts out for faster—cleaner filling!
Impossible to flood flint! One filling lasts and lasts!
Change flints in a flash!
Engineered like a fine precision watch!
Minimum servicing!
Streamlined, one-piece, *leak-proof case prevents* fuel evaporation!
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THE ELGIN AMERICAN "400"! A lighter which combines superb efficiency with matchless beauty. No larger than a pack of matches . . . so light you don't know you have it in pocket or purse!

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RECORDS

Music of Spain

THE POPULARITY of Spanish music has gained immensely in recent years. Collections of it are offered in *Around the World in Music: Spain* (RCA Victor LPM 3092, LPT 3008) and *Fiesta in Spain* (RCA Victor LPM 3194). Columbia's *World Library of Folk and Primitive Music* contains a fascinating disk, *Spanish Folk Music*, sung and played by simple people from all parts of Spain (SL 216). José Greco and his ballet company have recorded their repertoire —songs, folk dances and ballet (Decca DL 9757, 9758). A representative anthology of Spanish orchestral music, including the well-known composers Albéniz, Vives, Chapi and Torroba was issued by Angel records (*Musica Española*, Angel 65008). One composer's, Joaquin Turina's, music is featured in a Westminster recording (WL 5320).

Amparo Iturbi takes us on a short but well-guided tour through Spanish keyboard music (*Spanish Music*, RCA Victor LM 1788). *Piano Music of Spain*, played by Leonard Pennario (Capitol P 8190), features Manuel de Falla, best-known of modern Spanish composers, and works by Granados, Albéniz and Infante.

The guitar is Spain's traditional instrument. Segovia's *Guitar Solos* show his uncontested mastery (Decca DL 8022). Luise Walker's *Guitar Recital* (Epic LC 3055) reveals the great expressiveness of this instrument. Laurindo Almeida presents an intriguing program including works by Sor and Tarrega, pioneers of modern guitar music (Capitol P 8295).

The guitar is also the favorite accompanying instrument of Flamenco music, exotic melodies, sung or danced, which blend the early elements of Spanish music—Arab, Gypsy and probably Jewish. Westminster's *Canto Flamenco Anthology* (WL 5303-05) covers many of the regionally different tunes. Andalusian Flamenco songs and dances are offered by Montilla, a record company specializing in Spanish music (PLP 8).

Other popular folk songs are available in renditions by brilliant singers, Spanish-born Germaine Montero, now a famous French chanteuse, delightfully reproduces the unique idiom of *Folk Songs of Spain* (Vanguard VRS 7001). The full range of Spanish song is explored in the singing of Imperio Argentina (Montilla FM-LD 42) and Lily Berchman (Dolores Perez Cayuela) *Cantares of España* (Montilla FM-28).

Spaniards love their zarzuelas, little operas, tragic or comical, but always richly melodious. Columbia offers three records, ML 4930, 4931, 4932, featuring zarzuelas by favorite composers. Angel Records presents zarzuelas by Vives (Angel 65014) and Serrano (Angel 64003 and 65002).

De Falla's *La Vida Breve* is opera steeped in the Spanish tradition—a brilliant work telling of a gypsy girl rejected by a lover above her in status and gloriously sung by Victoria de Los Angeles. One disk side in this album is given to a Spanish song recital by the same singer (RCA Victor LM 6017). —FRED BERGER

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Why are more and more business girls using Tampax?

Ask the company doctor or the staff nurse. They're very apt to tell you that the Tampax user is much more likely to take "those days" in her stride. But the girls themselves are still most impressed by the freedom and assurance that doctor-invented Tampax gives. Here are some of the things they say:

"I can't be bothered with all that other rigmarole; Tampax is quick and easy to change."..."I *must* have protection that prevents odor."..."No telltale bulges for me; not, of all places, in the office!"..."Tampax is so comfortable, I almost forget it's 'time-of-the-month.'"

Girls starting work often decide on Tampax because of admiration for some older, perfectly poised woman in the organization who uses it. From its daintiness of handling to its ease of disposability, Tampax seems made for the woman who has to be on the go all the time, who has to meet people with charm and assurance under any circumstances.

The druggist or notion counter in your neighborhood carries Tampax in all three absorbencies: Regular, Super and Junior. Month's supply goes into purse or tucks in the back of a drawer. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

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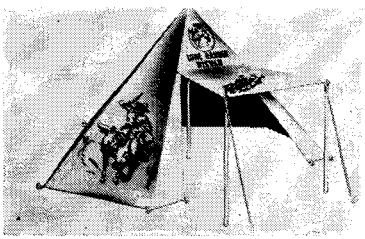
NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper



LONE RANGER and Tonto decorate this colorful cotton canvas tent. 58″ high, $6.95. Western Classics, Box 4035, Dept. CO, Tucson, Arizona.

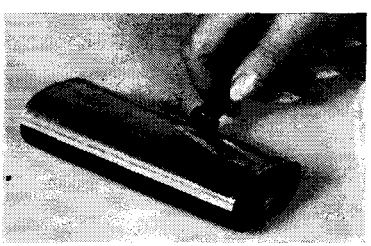
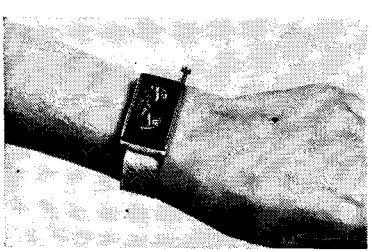
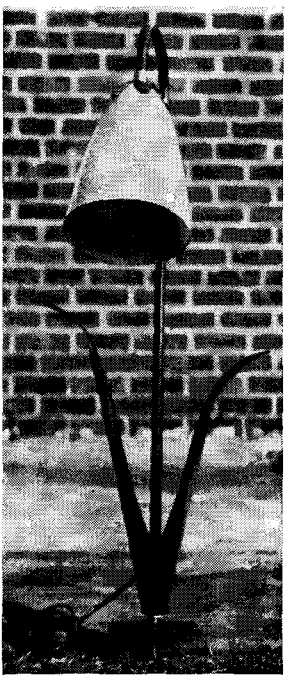


TABLE CRUMBER picks up dinner crumbs like a carpet sweeper. Silver-plated lid is engraved. $5; Lord George, Ltd., 1270 B'way., N.Y.C. 1.



A FLICK OF THE FINGER adds each stroke. Golf Scorekeeper is chrome with leather strap; $3.98. Lowy's, 260-C 116 St., Rockaway Pk., N.Y.



BRIGHT NOTE for outdoor living. Patios, gardens, walks are atmospheric and safe when lit by this portable lamp. Green steel base with aqua, chartreuse, pink or white shade. 29″ high, plus 7″ ground spike, AC or DC, $9.95. Vi Wagner, Box 4, Dept. C-6, Alden Manor, Elmont, N.Y.

(Continued on page 14)

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Puts Dancing Highlights in Your Hair!

NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS, OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!

Hair is so satiny after this shampoo! Calls irresistibly for a love-pat! And the man in your life can see the shimmering beauty of your hair every single day.

Helene Curtis

lanolin lotion shampoo

29¢, 59¢ or $1

Leaves Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

Never before such mountains of *lanolin* lather—lather that actually *polishes* hair clean! Only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you such foaming magic!

Made with *twice* the lanolin! *Can't* make hair harsh, brittle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, soft, shining . . . far easier to manage! Tangles slip away. Waves ripple in deeper.

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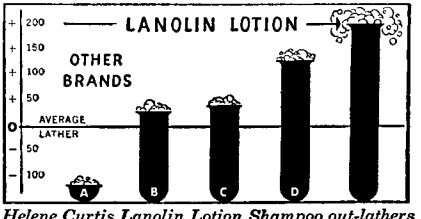

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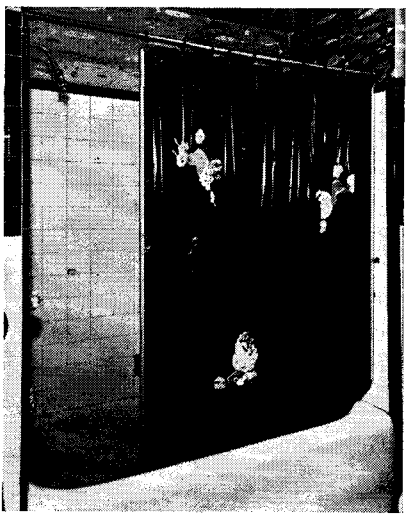
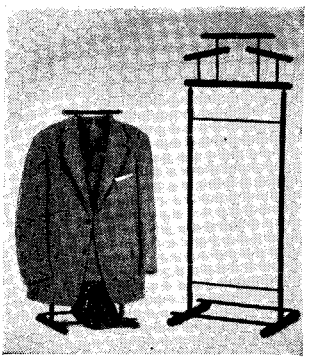
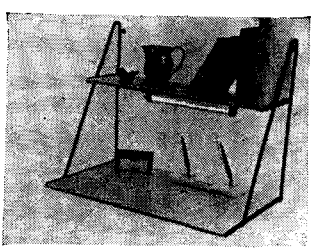


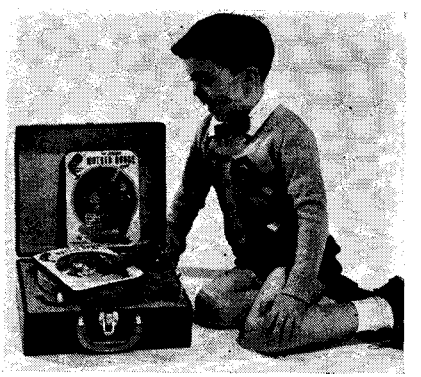
CURT'N'DOOR KIT transforms any shower curtain into a puddle-proof, draft-free door. Aluminum rods hold curtain taut, fit any wall-to-wall tub or stall shower. $4.95; Buyways, Caldwell 4, N.J.



THE SILENT VALET has a place for everything—jacket, trousers, tie, shoes—and keeps them neat, fresh and handy. Hardwood with baked-on black lacquer finish. $4.20; Zenith Gifts, 55-N Chadwick St., Boston 19, Massachusetts.



WROUGHT IRON and Novoply wall unit makes a perfect phone desk—or kitchen planning center. Comes ready to assemble, with built-in light fixture. 24" long, $11.98 (add $1 W. of Miss.) Howard House, 106-C Warren St., N.Y.C. 7.



KIDS CAN read and hear the stories of "*Mother Goose*," "*Happy Birthday*," "*Noah's Ark*," "*Speedy Little Taxi*" with 28-pg. Magic Talking Books. Covers are really 78 rpm records. 3 for $1.17; Spencer Gifts, Dept. C, Atlantic City, N.J.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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SPRAY ON Sun 'n' Surf Suntan Spray for all-over protection at the touch of a finger.

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WHEN CHARLES COLLINGWOOD, of television, was 23 years old, he was a reporter for United Press in London. Hired away for his first radio job, an official of CBS had him list his age as 28, on the theory that 23 sounded too young for a news commentator. So a Washington paper carried the story of the "28-year-old correspondent" on one page—and on the society page reported his parents' celebration of their 25th anniversary. —ROBERT SYLVESTER

PROFESSOR ERNEST BRENNECKE of Columbia is credited with the discovery of a sentence that can be made to have eight different meanings by placing the word "only" in all possible positions in the sentence: "I hit him in the eye yesterday." —WES LAWRENCE

A CERTAIN GOLFER playing the links above Monte Carlo kept blaming everything but himself for his bad strokes: somebody had coughed—somebody had laughed—somebody had moved—and he had been distracted.

After a particularly atrocious stroke in which he missed his ball entirely and dug up about a square yard of turf, he looked 'round at his companions furiously. But all had been very quiet, and it was impossible to complain about them. So he waved his hand towards the blue Mediterranean, dotted with a few tiny sails, 2,000 feet below.

"How can a man play golf," he growled, "with all those ships rushing back and forth?" —EUGENE MINELL

IN A SMALL TOWN in Indiana is a lady who has taught boys and girls in the first grade, and their sons and daughters, down through the years. She likes to tell about the time, just after promotion, when she met one of her previous-year boys on the street.

"I'm glad you're going on to the second grade and I'm sure you are smart enough to be there," she smiled.

He looked down at his feet, then said, "I'm glad, too, ma'am. But I'm awfully sorry you couldn't make it." —ROBERT E. RUNYAN

WHILE AWAITING MY ORDER in a little tea garden in England, I noticed that the ash tray on the table had about half an inch of water in the bottom. This struck me as a good idea for extinguishing cigarettes, and, when the waitress returned, I commented on the fact.

"Yes," she said with a twinkle, "and it also discourages people from slipping them into their pockets as souvenirs." —ERIC WILSON in *Rotarian*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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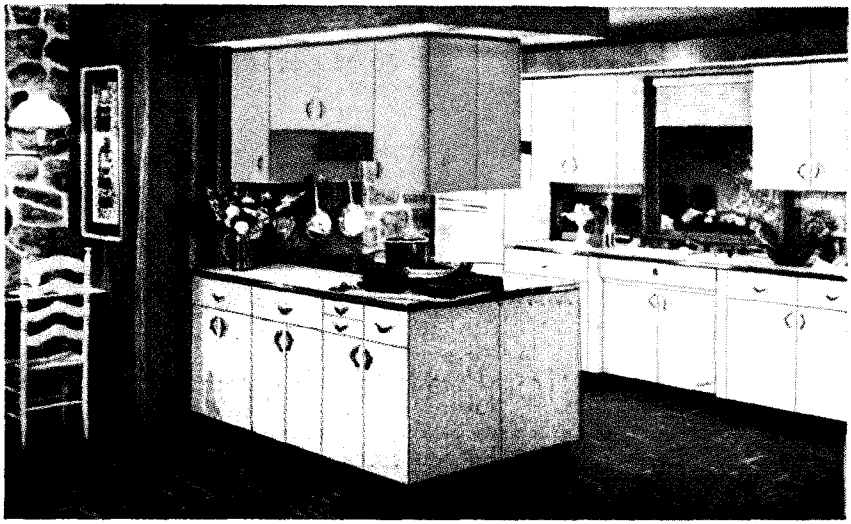

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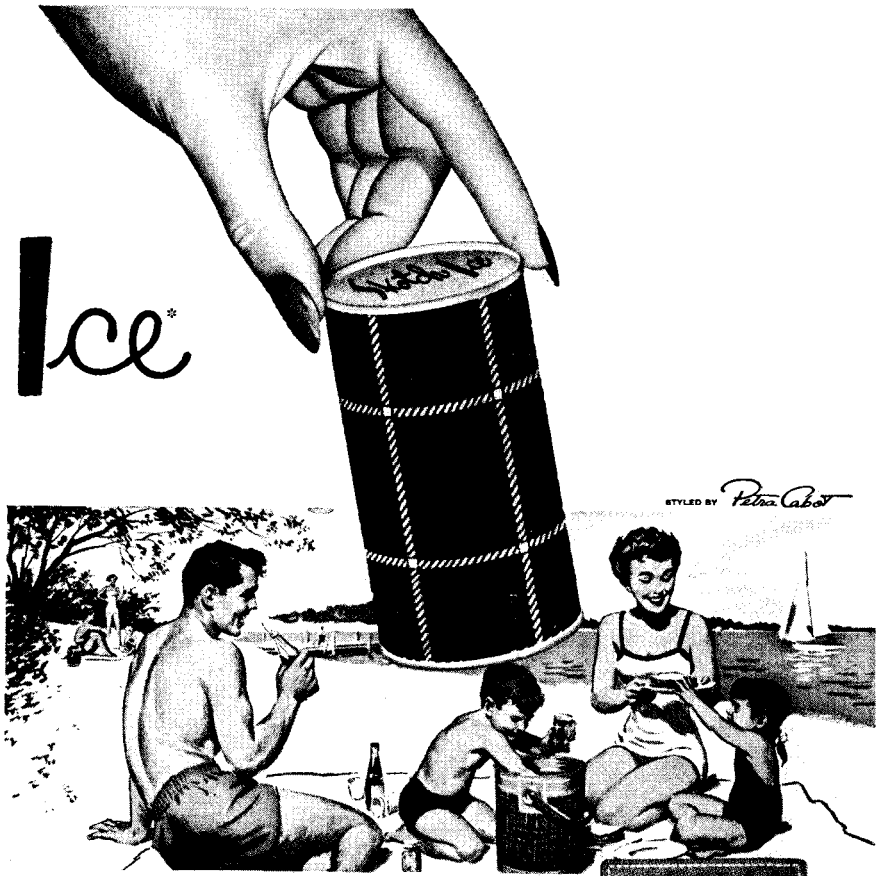

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NINETEENTH YEAR Coronet JUNE 1955

GARY COOPER: Mr. American

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

A ROVING HOLLYWOOD COLUMNIST reported last year from Italy that a loose-jointed, five-gaited actor named Gary Cooper on vacation had drawled: "I'm a fifty-two-year-old lover and just getting started."

Such a quotation was perhaps accurate. For Cooper, the hero-in-person of 83 motion pictures that have so far grossed perhaps $250,000,000 for his employers and undoubtedly five or six million for himself, is a man who loves everything about life.

If he works, as he did at a recent picture, *Vera Cruz*, on a Mexican location in rugged terrain with 120-degree heat, he is likely to murmur: "I've been through worse. You've got to expect tough conditions in picture work."

Whether it is driving his black Mercedes-Benz sports car at break-neck speeds over country roads, shooting duck or elk with his friends, Bing Crosby, Ernest Hemingway and/or Clark Gable, or chatting with female gossip writers who flock around him like pigeons, Cooper is fond of life as he lives it. He gets a kick out of being dressed in monogrammed silk shirts and doeskin flannels and being mentioned approvingly by male fashion editors; but he gets just as much satisfaction out of roughing it in the Idaho backwoods for a month or two.

There is one specification Cooper has: he likes class, low or high. He is a familiar and respected sight at such gatherings as the Forest Hills tennis tournaments; he is venerated in obscure Swiss villages in the Alps. But whether it is Palm Beach society or slums in the Dolomites, Cooper seems to be in his natural element.

What is remarkable about this ease of entree is that Cooper is strictly a product of the movie world. Despite tales that he toiled at various

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Solicitous Mrs. Gary Cooper is the daughter of a former head of the Stock Exchange.

occupations, Cooper's major activity has been acting. For short whiles he was an unpaid political cartoonist, a photo salesman, a salesman of advertising space on vaudeville theater curtains and the like—but all these, combined with a tour as a guide in Yellowstone National Park, do not total a year.

At home and abroad, Cooper's diffident manner and pensive drawl have put him in a class peculiar to himself. He has the bashful *savoir-faire* that enables him to be photographed drinking tea on the Riviera without alienating his rough-and-tumble cronies from his home state of Montana. As one of them put it after seeing such a society picture: "They probably had to hold a gun in old Coop's back to make him do it."

Without being brash or attention-seeking, Cooper has made him-

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self the all-time favorite actor of such countries as England, France, Italy and Germany.

Wherever he goes abroad, he is recognized. Even in hamlets far removed from movie theaters, he is greeted by his usual title: "Mister American." His lanky form and slow, amiable grin have become trademarks for the United States across the world, a modern prototype of Uncle Sam.

At home, Cooper has been a star ever since 1927, when he was featured in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. During the succeeding years he has ruled the list of the ten most popular actors with an iron rating. Only Gable has challenged his popularity; today, with that durable romancer down the list, Cooper still calmly rides into the sunset with his pockets as high as ever. The longevity of this popularity is all the more astounding when it is remembered that Cooper had been a star for four years before Gable.

The women who view Cooper on the screen, depending on their age (and not on his), would like either to mother him or make love to him. The men who pay to see his indolent antics would like to go hunting with him. And yet, in person, Cooper is nothing that would appear to enchant the public.

He is six feet three inches tall and a little hard of hearing. He has an old fractured hip that forces him to sit sideways on a saddle, and makes long horseback trips intolerable. His shanks are so lean that whenever they are encased in tight breeches, they have to be padded by the costumer. His tanned face is lined with wrinkles and punctuated by crow's feet; his famous widow's peak is now so thin that it is barely visible at all except with the aid of makeup.

But there emanates from the man such an air of slightly embarrassed humility and humor that it is difficult to resist the impact of his personality. In one scene of a movie, Cooper was supposed to be restrained by friends from mixing it up with a burly, bar-room character. After the first rehearsal, Coop's brow became wryly furrowed.

"Let's take most of the men holding me back," he said to the director, "and let them hold *him*. He needs it a lot more than I do."

Such a screen personality has inherent drama in himself. In essence, all plots are simply an age-old question: will the hero make it? Cooper doubles this by simply allowing his own doubts about his ability to come to the surface.

DECRYING COOPER'S acting ability, as he does himself, has often been a favorite indoor game in Hollywood. Cooper's comments are not illuminating: "I just get out there and expose myself," he says.

Yet those who study the record are impressed with the vitality and variety of the roles he has chosen for himself in the past. If any other actor could have to his credit such parts as the veteran British cavalry officer in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, the do-gooder in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, the Tennessee deadshot in *Sergeant York*, the resolute sheriff in *High Noon*, the German ball-player in *Pride of the Yankees*, the romantic hero in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the pioneer in *Unconquered*, and a host of others—that performer would consider himself an expert at

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running the gauntlet of emotions.

It is noteworthy that both in 1941 and 11 years later, in 1952, his coworkers in the picture business gave him the Academy Award for acting, the highest accolade in their power. Cooper was genuinely surprised and pleased each time. "Shucks," he said. "This is real nice."

What Cooper appears to have done is one of the most difficult jobs in motion pictures. Through observation and practice, he managed to pick up all the tricks needed before a camera. And he has added a few of his own without allowing his virtuosity to get in the way of his personality.

For such talent, Cooper gets a minimum of $250,000 a picture when he chooses to act. (For years he got $200,000 from Warner Brothers.) He can easily get more: for *Vera Cruz* he will receive a percentage of the profits, a deal that may easily net him half a million. Cooper selects his own scripts and does a couple a year. He spends the rest of his time travelling or indulging in a long list of outdoor hobbies.

IT WILL COME as a shock to most Cooper fans to learn that their hero came within an ace of being a British clerk, complete with a clipped accent and rigid manners. Christened Frank James Cooper at his birth in 1901 in Helena, Montana, Cooper was the son of a dignified English father, Charles Henry Cooper, of a Bedfordshire farm family, who came to Montana in 1884 when he was 17. He studied law assiduously enough to become a justice of the State Supreme Court.

Alice Louise, a visiting English girl, married 33-year-old Charles Henry Cooper in 1894. At the age of nine, young Gary found his lawyer-father well off enough to want him to go to England to be educated.

"Right here I almost missed being an American," Cooper says. After three years, he returned to Montana with a Fauntleroy wardrobe, plus a genuine English accent.

"When the kids in Helena saw me and heard me talk," Cooper recalls, "I had to fight my way home out of the alleys."

Montana was still part of the Northwest frontier. From the family ranch, young Cooper went out hunting coyotes; he rode fence and herded cattle; every day he saw blanket-clad Indians riding into town bareback.

When Cooper was 15, he suddenly grew more than a foot in a year. He finished high school a gangling youth towering over his schoolmates—a fact which some have used to account for his congenital shyness.

At 18, Gary was seriously injured in a car accident. It took two-and-a-half years for him to get back his health, though he managed to ride a horse eight months after the accident, despite hip and pelvis fractures. Later, as a student at Grinnell College in Iowa, Cooper acquired a lackadaisical knowledge of literature and an interest in money. When his parents finally moved to California in 1924, Gary visited them in Hollywood during vacation-time.

The trip changed Cooper's whole conception of earning cash. Walking down Sunset Boulevard, he met two cowboy friends.

"They told me I could make some

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money at the old Fox Studios by riding horses," says Cooper. "I decided to take a whirl at it."

His friends managed to get him hired as an extra and stunt man for $10 a day.

Cooper refused to become serious about what was to be his life work until one day he heard that the great cowboy star, Tom Mix, earned up to $17,500 a week. Cooper's jaw dropped: he started to take a strong interest in motion pictures and forgot his plans for going to Chicago to learn the advertising business.

What followed has become a good bit of film history. Cooper paid $75 to a makeup man to teach him how to put on rouge, lipstick and eye-shadow; he hired an agent to advertise his talents; he spent $65 for a screen test which consisted of his riding up to a fence, jumping down from his horse and vaulting over; he got a collection of pictures of himself ranging from noble poses in the great outdoors to boudoir scenes in which he tried to imitate Rudolph Valentino.

GARY'S FIRST PICTURE in which he got more than a long-shot role was a two-reel Western under the old-time director, Hans Tiesler. Cooper gives credit to Henry King, a director who is still among the best in Hollywood, for giving him his first featured job. King was making *Barbara Worth* for Sam Goldwyn. He hired Cooper for three months for $75 a week and expenses.

Cooper's unmanicured appearance was a success—but neither King nor Goldwyn thought to sign him to a long-term contract. Today, both men claim this was an oversight rather than a mistake. The fact remains that after the picture was released, Cooper's agent hustled him over to Paramount, where he was signed for $150 a week.

Gary's next role was in *Wings*. Though it only lasted 110 seconds, his work was somehow imprinted indelibly on the minds of the movie-going public. In the aviation epic, Cooper played a hard-bitten pilot offering advice to recruits. His sole action was to take a bite out of a chocolate bar offered him by one of the fledglings. His sole line was: "When your time comes, you're going to get it."

Cooper put down the chocolate bar on a cot, ambled out. Off screen effects of a plane motor taking off. A horrifying crash effect. Cut! . . .

There was nothing about the scene which might have been great, yet Cooper's solemn, angular exit made the fans write in for more.

When his contract expired at Paramount, he was offered $450 more a week. Through a friend in the head office, Cooper found out the studio had committed itself for a quartet of additional films featuring him. He promptly went off fishing for a month in the mountains. When he came back he was quickly re-signed for $1,750 a week.

After this Cooper played opposite such a recognized star as Clara Bow in *IT* and *Children of Divorce*. He zoomed to the top when he took the leading role in *The Virginian* in 1929. He became leading man to almost every important star: Marlene Dietrich in *Morocco*, Helen Hayes in *Farewell to Arms*, Tallulah Bankhead in *Devil and the Deep*. In 1930 alone he made nine pictures, and his name commenced to be

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romantically linked with each star.

Cooper, however, confessed to romantic ineptitude. As he says: "I feel as if the camera has no business peeking over my shoulder when I'm making love to a woman."

It was exactly this quality which gradually brought Cooper his everlasting popularity. His gawkiness in the presence of glamor and beauty plucked a string in every man's heart; every woman who envied the heroines felt a deep sympathy with Cooper's gaucherie. Eventually, of course, the movie heroines themselves saw in Cooper precisely what they had been missing, and they flung themselves at his head en masse.

Cooper responded to this unique experience—including a tempestuous wooing of the late Lupe Velez. But between picture work and social requirements, he was stalking a nervous breakdown. In 1931, his doctor informed him that if he did not abandon the lush pastures he would end up in Forest Lawn, then, as now, a prosperous cemetery.

Cooper sailed for Nairobi in Africa for a big-game hunt. Coming back six months later, he had crates full of pelts and heads which today decorate his den. He resumed his Hollywood safari in 1933 with gusto.

At this juncture, Cooper was lucky enough to meet a further deterrent to the Hollywood scene. She was a movie bit player known as "Sandra Shaw." Her name was Veronica Balfe, daughter of a former head of the Stock Exchange and a figure in New York society. Cooper's fair ladies were of the unanimous opinion that this was a passing fancy. They were wrong, for the marriage spelled a successful union.

The Coopers have an 18-year-old daughter, Maria Veronica. And

Gary Cooper gets together with a trio of easily recognized friends.

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though Cooper has in late years again taken to appearing in public spots abroad with various lovelies, there have been no repercussions beyond a temporary separation or two.

Cooper and his family live in Brentwood, a swank residential section near Hollywood. Their house is a large Georgian-style mansion, with swimming pool, tennis court, vegetable garden and citrus grove. They have extra houses on Long Island and at Aspen, Colorado.

Cooper views his work in the movies as a job. "I go to the office earlier than most people and get paid more," he says. When he leaves the studio where he has been emoting, he goes home and forgets about it. He eats enormously, usually steaks and salads. He smokes and drinks little, due to a stomach afflicted by nervous tension.

Cooper's hobby is usually "huntin' an' fishin' " and he has enough guns to outfit a posse. He used to play two sets of tennis every day, but now he has cut down to golf.

About half the pictures Cooper has appeared in have either been outright Westerns or heavily flavored with sage. "I like to stick pretty much to the movies that people like to see me in," Cooper says.

In 1940, Cooper received the largest sum of money "for services rendered" paid to anyone in the United States. "Sometimes I hardly seemed worth it," he confesses.

Barred from military service during World War II because of age and ailments, Gary made a 23,000-mile tour of the Southwest Pacific and on his return spent a rare amount of energy persuading other stars of Hollywood to do likewise.

Cooper's celebrated modesty is to a large degree simply a passion to be comfortable. But he is not afraid to step out and be counted when the occasion arrives. In 1947, he appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities to testify about attempted Communist infiltration in Hollywood. His testimony was not startling, but it was noteworthy that Cooper took the stand at a time when it was a popular movie diversion to deride the committee.

"I guess you might say I like this country," Cooper says mildly. "I've been around it ever since I was born. It's been good to me. So when I hear somebody say that the Constitution is about 150 years out of date, I incline to get mad."

It is about the only time he does. Gary Cooper is a man who knows the good life and how to enjoy it—and he appreciates the institution of the movies and the country that has enabled him to do just that.

Sales Tale

A WEALTHY SHOPLIFTER'S favorite pilfering ground was an exclusive shop in which her family had a valuable charge account. Several times she was caught lifting some article or other, until finally the store manager's patience was exhausted one day when he caught her red-handed.

"Why don't you go somewhere else?" he asked.

"Some place else?" she repeated. "Where else can I get such bargains?" —From *Manhattan and Me* by ORIANA ATKINSON, copyright, 1954 (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.)

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A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

One Is Not

Tom Moore, who is something of a philosopher on his radio show, "Florida Calling" (Mutual Broadcasting System, Monday through Friday, 11 to 11:25 A.M. EDST), knows that there's an exception to every rule. As quizmaster this month, he'd like you to pick the exceptions. Below are listed categories of persons, places and things. Four choices are given—three are members of the category, one is not. For example: which of the following is not a building—Pentagon, Parthenon, Marathon, Panthéon? Answer: Marathon. (Other answers on p. 157)

1. A style of column: Doric, Etruscan, Ionic, Corinthian.
2. An apple: Golden Delicious, Kentucky Wonder, Rome Beauty, Arkansas Black.
3. A duck: Old Squaw, Marsh Pecker, Pintail, Spectacled Eider.
4. A person: Old Rough and Ready, Old Pretender, Old Mortality, Old Lady of Thread-needle Street.
5. A salt water fish: Black Drum, Tuna, Yellow Perch, Weakfish.
6. An insect: Mantis, Earwig, Wheatear, Ladybird.
7. A pen name: George Eliot, Mark Twain, Boz, Jane Austen.
8. A state of the Union: The Land of Enchantment, Old Dominion, Gem of the Mountains, Land of Cakes.
9. A chicken: Plymouth Rock, White Wyandotte, Golden Bantam, Red Phalarope.
10. A possession of the United States: Iceland, Guam, Swan Is., Johnston Is.
11. Aircraft: The Spirit of St. Louis, Flying Buttress, Dixie Clipper, Graf Zeppelin.
12. A sculptor: Rodin, Gainsborough, Borglum, Saint-Gaudens.
13. Desserts: Jolly Roger, Brown Betty, Sally Lunn, Charlotte Russe.

14. A river: The Susquehanna, The Chimaera, The Chattahoochee, The Euphrates.
15. Historical: The House of York, The House of Usher, The House of Stuart, The House of Tudor.
16. A shrew: Dame Van Winkle, Xanthippe, Margaret Caudle, Ophelia.
17. A real ship: The Half Moon, The Speedwell, The Flying Dutchman, The Constitution.
18. A plane figure: Pyramid, Angle, Triangle, Parallelogram.
19. An opera: Aïda, Faust, Girl of the Golden West, The Little Foxes.
20. A fairy: Bottom, Oberon, Titania, Puck.
21. A breed of cattle: Duroc Jersey, Red Poll, Hereford, Aberdeen Angus.
22. By Stephen Collins Foster: Old Folks at Home, Darling Nelly Gray, Old Black Joe, Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.
23. Extinct: The dodo, The emu, The saber-toothed tiger, The dinosaur.
24. An "age": Cenozoic, Mesozoic, Protozoan, Paleozoic.
25. A college football team: Texas Steers, Boston Terriers, Detroit Tigers, Pittsburgh Panthers.

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Should We Legalize

by HERBERT BERGER, M. D.,
and ANDREW A. EGGSTON, M. D.

In this article, two medical authorities offer a startling proposal to curb narcotic addiction in the United States. Their plan, now under study by a committee of medical experts, is explained here in detail. If, as the authors claim, the program is feasible, it might reduce nationwide crime to a fraction of its present proportions. —*The Editors*

IT MIGHT AS WELL be faced. Drug addiction in the U. S. will not be stopped as long as the addict is treated as a criminal and sold down the river to the narcotics racketeer.

It is typical of the chaotic situation in this country that experts are in wild disagreement as to how many addicts there actually are.

In 1954, Federal Commissioner of Narcotics Harry J. Anslinger estimated that, with an increase of over 10,000 addicts since 1948, there were now about 60,000 in the U.S. But in 1951, the New York Mayor's Committee on Narcotics gave a top figure of 90,000 addicts in the New York area alone. Others have placed the total for the country at 1,000,000.

Attempts to stamp out addiction by outlawing it have failed. But this does not mean that there is no solution or that large-scale addiction is inevitable. We believe that under a new system of controls—which we have submitted for study by the AMA—the number of addicts could be reduced to a handful within a generation. This new system calls for the establishment of narcotics clinics where drugs would be administered to addicts under medical supervision and with proper safeguards.

Our plan strikes at the heart of the problem—the fact that for more than 30 years, addiction in this country has been a contagion spread almost exclusively by dope peddlers who use every dirty trick in the book to expand their market by recruiting—or "hooking"—new customers.

Cited in the book, *Narcotics, USA*, is this example of how a typical gang of peddlers operates:

"One mob of six men and two women, the 'King and Queen' mob, was arrested . . . in New York's West Harlem. The make-up of this mob illustrates the pyramiding nature of drug addiction.

"Rocco D'Agostino, 19, was described by the police as the tough guy who specialized in 'softening up' teeners, persuading them to become addicts. Another, Augustine Castilo, also 19, shamed kids into using dope by calling those who re-

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NARCOTICS?

fused 'sissies' or 'chicken.' A third member, Marcellino Morales, played a Don Juan role, infatuating young girls and then enticing them into drug use."

Once started on drugs, addicts frequently turn to peddling to support their habit and the contamination spreads as addicts make new addicts.

We stress the contagious nature of addiction because, as we have said, it suggests the only practical answer to the problem. By making drugs legally available to addicts, either free or at a few cents a dose, the peddlers would be knocked out of business and the deadly chain of contagion would be broken.

Despite all the untold millions poured into the enforcement of narcotics laws and the hospital treatment of addicts, there is little doubt that drug addiction has increased in the past few years. Tragically, its most recent victims have been teen-agers.

The efforts of police to dry up the illicit flow of drugs are reminiscent of Prohibition. As in that "Noble Experiment," the chief beneficiary has been the criminal. Racketeers have built a black market in drugs with sales running as high as $3,000,000,000 a year.

Attempts to reduce addiction through cures have been equally futile. The main treatment centers are the Federal hospitals at Lexington, Kentucky, and Fort Worth, Texas. Here, addicts are taken off drugs in a week or two and then held for an average of four and a half months in the hope—usually vain—that the habit will be permanently broken.

A typical example of this is a 23-year-old boy who, leaving Lexington after voluntary treatment, made contact with a peddler in the Pittsburgh railroad station where he changed trains for New York. He was back on heroin before he reached home.

With a conservatively estimated relapse rate of 95 per cent, the average cost of a single cure comes to over $4,000.

The plain truth is that the American people are paying a gigantic annual bill for law enforcement that is ineffective, treatment that produces few cures, and for countless crimes committed by addicts to obtain drug money.

One objection to the legalized distribution of drugs to addicts is that it would stimulate crime. Actually, the opposite is true.

Most addiction today is caused by morphine and heroin, the latter being the chief stock in trade of the peddlers. The important fact about these opium derivatives is that, un-

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like liquor and certain other drugs, they are strictly depressants. Morphine, after all, is given medically to kill pain and induce sleep.

After a shot of heroin, the addict frequently experiences a sharp, sexual thrill. Then, far from being ready for criminal or any other action, he rapidly falls into a drowsy, contented state. His painful anxieties and frustrations melt away. His fantasies take over as he listens to the radio or stares dreamily out a window. Often he simply falls asleep.

The point is that the addict does not usually commit crimes under the influence of drugs, but in order to obtain them.

THE MORE an addict takes, the more he has to take since his body steadily builds up tolerance to drugs. A physician ordinarily prescribes an eighth-grain of morphine to relieve pain. Addicts may take as much as two grains every two hours—a dose that would kill an ordinary person.

As the required dosage climbs, so does its cost, sometimes reaching $100 a day. The addict becomes obsessed with the money aspect of his plight. He describes himself as having a $25 or a $50 habit.

Since the typical addict has no hope of earning the fantastic sums he needs, he turns to crimes such as shoplifting, picking pockets, pilfering from trucks, policy-slip running or drug peddling. Violent crimes, including murder, are rare. Women, among them teen-age girls, commonly earn their drug money by prostitution.

The irony of all this is that the $50 in illicit drugs for which the addict commits crimes is actually worth, at legal prices, no more than 30 cents.

Obviously, the clinic plan would not work unless it would have a strong appeal to the addict. We believe it would, not only on economic grounds, but also as a way out of his nightmarish world. It would offer an answer to the questions constantly haunting the addict: "Will I be able to get a shot when I need it . . . will it make me sick . . . will it kill me?"

The fact is that the addict, an emotionally disturbed person, pays a stiff price for his artificial peace of mind. Soon after he starts his habit, chemical changes take place in his body. Now, if he goes without drugs for a day—sometimes only for hours—he is wracked by the dreaded withdrawal symptoms of cold sweating and shakes, vomiting, diarrhea and violent muscular cramps.

Caught in a double trap of physical and psychological dependence, the addict is menaced by ever more ominous dangers. The capsule or paper folder of heroin bought from a peddler is of unknown strength. It has been cut, often as much as 95 per cent, with milk sugar, quinine or almost any whitish powder, and the addict lives in dread of killing himself with an overdose.

Worse still, if, as often happens, he has been arrested and told the police where he buys his drugs, he is in terror of gang retaliation in the form of a "hot shot" in which cyanide has been substituted for heroin.

The legalized distribution of drugs to addicts would undo the mistakes made during the hundred years it has taken the narcotics sit-

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When addicts no longer had legal sources of supply, racketeers found a lush market in narcotics . . . .

uation to reach its present alarming state.

In 1914, responding to public pressure, Congress passed the Harrison Act. Its aim was to regulate the traffic in narcotics by various means, including the licensing of physicians to prescribe these drugs. The Harrison Act did not mention addiction and it expressly permitted physicians to give narcotic drugs for "legitimate professional uses."

In 1919 and 1920, the U. S. Supreme Court ruled that a physician in private practice could no longer prescribe narcotics except for such medical purposes as the relief of pain. Providing an addict "with narcotics sufficient to keep him comfortable" became a violation of the law. At one blow, addicts were cut off from all legal sources of supply, and the racketeers who had sprung up under Prohibition soon found an even more lush market in narcotics.

Cut drugs yielded a far higher rate of profit than bootleg liquor and were easier to handle. A pound of heroin picked up in Manchuria for $5, smuggled into the country and cut by local mobs could be retailed to addicts for as much as $40,000.

THE PLAN we propose would at last free the addict from the clutches of the mobsters. The clinics would probably be set up under the direction of the United States Public Health Service and staffed by a competent team of physicians, psychiatrists and psychologists.

Here addicts would be given a hypodermic injection, by a physician, of the minimum daily dose of morphine needed to keep him free of unpleasant symptoms. These daily shots would be provided free, or at a nominal cost of a few cents. No drugs could be taken from the clinic and careful dosage records would be kept.

The addict would be registered and provided with a tamper-proof identification card bearing his photograph, fingerprints, and the name of the clinic where he was being treated. In this way he would be prevented from going from one clinic to another.

Psychiatrists and others would try to induce addicts to undertake cures, and the community's religious, social, vocational guidance and job-placement services would be made available to help in their rehabilitation, if that seemed a possibility.

Those who object to our plan point out that the narcotics clinics operated briefly in 1919 and in the early 1920s were failures. But these early clinics—and it is interesting to note that 1,500 addicts registered the first day they opened in New York—were little more than drug dispensing centers. Knowledge of addiction was still primitive and there were, with a few exceptions, almost none of the safeguards we propose. Even so, they were closed

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down before they were given a fair trial.

Another objection raised is that non-addicts would be drawn to the clinics by the bait of free or cheap drugs. A new drug, Nalline, by neutralizing morphine, brings withdrawal symptoms in the addict within minutes. Since it has no effect on the person not on morphine, suspected non-addicts could be easily weeded out by this simple test.

Still another flaw, it has been claimed, is that many addicts need several shots a day. True, but this problem can also be easily solved. Pharmaceutical chemists assure us that a depot form of morphine could be developed which would release the drug slowly in the body, for a period of 24 hours or longer if necessary.

Critics assert that it would be immoral for the government to support what they call the vice of addiction. But this is not a question simply of vice or immorality. Our basic assumption is that the addict is a physically and emotionally sick person who should be treated as such.

Actually, we are less concerned with the victims of addiction than with the rest of society, which now has little protection against the narcotics racketeers and the addicts' thievery.

We think the plan would work. It seems to us reasonable to believe that most addicts would welcome a source of clean, safe drugs. Their constant fear of illness and of sudden death that could result from an overdose or a "hot shot", would be relieved.

And—of obvious benefit to society—they would abandon their frantic, interminable crime and their hooking of new addicts to get money.

As we see it, the clinics would bring these important gains: a reduction, by attrition, in the present number of addicts and in the recruiting of new addicts. A sharp fall in addict crimes. A drop in narcotics smuggling and peddling. Accurate information about the number of addicts and who they are. And new medical and psychiatric information of use in the eventual development of a cure for addiction.

The clinic plan is not intended as an alternative to law enforcement, or narcotics hospitals, or much needed research into the cause and cure of addiction. It would be an addition rather than a substitution. Quite simply, it would leave regulation of the drug traffic to law enforcement agencies and place the control of addiction where it properly belongs, in the hands of the medical profession.

Our proposal deserves serious consideration by the medical profession, the Federal government and the public. It offers the only sane approach to correcting the situation pungently described in these words by the noted authority on criminal law, Rufus G. King:

"All the billions our society has spent enforcing criminal measures against the addict have had the sole practical result of protecting the peddler's market, artificially inflating his prices and keeping his profits fantastically high. No other nation hounds its addicts as we do and no other nation faces anything remotely resembling our problem."

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Experts Comment on the Berger-Eggston Plan

THE PROPOSAL to legalize narcotics is an excellent one. It could do much to remedy the present situation in which the law is not providing adequate medical service for the sick people it is prosecuting. The registering of addicts would return to the medical profession its need and right to study addiction with all the scientific tools at its disposal.

Only when the addict population can come out of hiding to receive medical study and medical treatment can America hope to come to grips with this tremendous socio-medical problem.—*M. N. Nyswander, M. D., Member, American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology. Former psychiatrist at Lexington Federal Hospital for Narcotics Addicts.*

OUT-PATIENT clinics for government sale of narcotics under government supervision with a program for control, treatment and rehabilitation directed by a team consisting of medical doctors, sociologists, psychologists and psychiatrists would be a great step forward in neutralizing the influence and affluence of professional dope peddlers. This could, in my opinion, diminish by at least 50 per cent the number of drug addicts in this country.—*Judge Abraham L. Marovitz, Superior Court of Illinois, Cook County.*

NARCOTIC DRUG addiction in America reflects the existence of criminal and unscrupulous characters who wish to enslave the narcotic addict for personal gain. The clinic population at the Medical Counseling Clinic of Provident Hospital shows that the treatment of addicts is mostly a medical problem. The narcotic clinic for the follow-up of addicts discharged from jails or hospitals to protect them from exploitation of the underworld is very urgent and very important.—*Walter A. Adams, M. D., Director, Medical Counseling Clinic, Provident Hospital and Training School, Chicago.*

THERE IS A GREAT need for the clinic program for the treatment of those addicted to narcotics. The basic reason for the failure of similar clinics in the past was due to the emphasis on the physical factors and the lack of emphasis on the emotional. If and when such a clinic is opened, the orientation should be a multidisciplinary one, executed by a team of trained professionals.—*Samuel R. Kesselman, M.D., Neuropsychiatrist, Chairman, Committee on Correction, New Jersey Neuropsychiatric Association.*

YOU HAVE PERHAPS emphasized the "free shot" aspects and minimized the therapy and rehabilitation too much. Administering narcotics for the comfort of incurable addicts and to facilitate rehabilitation efforts for those who may be saved is only one phase of the clinic program.—*Rufus King, Chairman, Committee on Narcotics and Alcohol, American Bar Association.*

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Though millions may disagree, one observer has come to his own conclusion about the nation's top sport

Baseball Is a Stupid Game!

by John A. Owen

Statistics of any sort leave me cold, but I perked up recently when I read about a man who had clocked a major-league baseball game and discovered that in the two and a half hours the game lasted, the ball was in play for 12 minutes or about five minutes an hour.

This news item surprised me, because from what I have seen of baseball on the field and on television, I had supposed the figure would be closer to two than twelve minutes.

To me, a baseball game seems to be composed largely of a number of beefy men in pantaloons standing around the field scratching themselves, arguing with each other, sitting on benches, hefting bats, or going through a ridiculous ritual known as the wind-up, preliminary to the simple task of throwing a small ball some 20 yards.

At infrequent intervals, a man with a bat manages to hit the ball, and he then takes off and trots 90 feet to another place where he can stand for a while, scratching himself, yawning, leering at his opponents, and waiting for the other players to stop arguing, hefting bats, and trying to decide what to do now that they actually have a man on base. In due time he may or may not get a chance to paddle his bulk to the next base. He rarely does, and ends up walking back to the dugout looking frustrated.

While all this frenzied activity is going on, nine other men on the field, an assortment of heavily-armored umpires and observers, and a dozen or so members of the team at bat, are sitting or standing around admiring the view, and drawing sometimes as much as $25,000 a year or more for their pains. All of this is an entirely absurd performance for grown men, and in any well-ordered civilization the 60-odd huskies engaged in it would be putting their brawn to more useful purposes, such as building highways or plowing the soil.

Baseball is indefensible as an athletic event, primarily because it really isn't one. No game this side of tiddly-winks was ever devised that requires less physical exertion on the part of the players, and contains a lesser element of athletic competition.

If one concedes that it requires a

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certain amount of practice, and even dexterity, to hit a ball with a stick a yard long and some two inches in diameter, as it probably does, and if one admits that a cripple might have difficulty in running 90 feet after he has hit the ball, before it could be snagged and thrown back to tag him, one has gone as far as the athletic requirements of baseball demand. The rest is merely the degree of speed with which this act is performed. Usually it is a very slow speed.

To criticize a sport without analyzing some of its salient points is, perhaps, unfair. So let us take a minute to inspect one of the supreme moments in a major-league game, second only to that ultimate achievement, the Home Run.

This is the Double Play, which is capable of driving any baseball addict into a state of frenzy. At its most "thrilling," it happens with one man out, a man on first, and a third at bat. After the batter has missed the ball twice and the pitcher has thrown three bad balls (Three and Two, with One Out and One On, as we in the know call such a desperate predicament), a supreme effort is made by all parties concerned, and the batter manages to hit the ball to a point where one of the fielders is not able immediately to catch it.

This feat on the batter's part is considered so singular that the thousands of people in the stands immediately leap to their feet, shouting their astonishment that something has finally happened. The batter drops his weapon and begins to move towards first base, which is at once vacated by the Man On Base who, in his turn, and with an expression of wild desperation, starts for second.

Meantime, the valiant infielder, determined to earn his salary, has managed to capture the ball and throw it to the second baseman, who astonishingly enough catches it and hurls it with unerring aim at the first baseman, who contrives somehow to trap it in the large leather pillow he carries on his hand for the purpose. Since neither of the runners has managed to reach his goal during the time it takes for these, so to speak, twin ripostes to be accomplished, both are out, and the spectators scream in hysterical frenzy, embrace each other, and sometimes faint. The men who have managed the feat become heroes.

After the game, fathers go home with a dazed look on their faces and, in hushed, trembling voices, tell their small sons that they saw a Double Play, Bock to Ale to Stout, that knocked out Pilsener at first and Lager at second to retire the side.

This amazing combination of

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agility, quick reflexes and daring prowess took some 35 seconds to accomplish, represented about $750 worth of man-hours in players' salaries, and was most likely the last piece of action Daddy saw for the next twenty minutes, or possibly for the rest of the game.

On occasion, a play of this sort may have certain unfortunate repercussions. One or other of the players involved, shocked too suddenly out of lethargy and unaccustomed to sudden physical activity, may pull a leg tendon, twist an ankle, or sprain a shoulder muscle, putting him out of play for several days.

This unhappy event arouses confusion and dismay throughout the land. Hourly bulletins on the player's condition are issued by a corps of physicians larger than would attend the Queen of England if she were gravely ill, and sportswriters turn out column after column speculating on what effect poor Pilsener's sprung fetlock, or poor Bock's wrenched withers, will have on his team, the pennant race, and the Series.

It could be that I am wrong in calling baseball, as such, an absurd exhibition of pompous, ponderous ineptitude. Looked at calmly, it no doubt has its purpose. Requiring little apparatus, it is an easy team game for small lads to organize on a vacant lot, or for schoolboys and girls to play as a means of safe, wholesome outdoor recreation.

The absurdity comes when millions of adults raise this simple activity to the point where, during more than half the year, baseball and the fortunes of the various teams are the most important thing in the world. Nations may rise and fall, the political and economic outlook may darken, great men may go to their reward, and cosmic events of earth shaking significance may come to pass; but none of this matters compared with what is happening to the Dodgers, the Indians, the Orioles, the Giants, et al., and to the individual members of each team.

This intense devotion to baseball is rather shocking in a nation which is theoretically leading the world to a new era of greatness, and it grows worse as the season passes, rising in a frantic crescendo to the gibbering climax known as the World Series, when true followers of the game reach a state of sheer ecstasy.

There are other sports-loving nations in the world, whose people follow their favorite teams with keen and knowing enjoyment. But they follow them on weekends and holidays, tending their business affairs during the rest of the week. They don't take portable radios to work so that they won't miss a single play of a single game, or even to games so they won't miss the play of another game, nor jam the taverns to stare glassy-eyed at a TV screen.

This national megalomania becomes even more bewildering when one reflects that, as a game, baseball is a poor sport indeed.

It has none of the elements which should be inherent in athletic contests. There is no sense of mass struggle such as one is excited by in a good football or basketball game; none of the physical grace and swift agility characteristic of a championship tennis match; none of the fierce

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sense of physical combat and courage seen in a boxing match. There is no continuity, such as exists in a boat- or foot-race; there is not even much in the way of ordinary physical exertion.

What tension there is in a baseball game comes mainly from wondering whether the batter is going, at long last, to hit the ball, probably for the first time in four times at bat. This is a form of suspense hardly calculated to raise the blood pressure of a normal, emotionally balanced man.

Another aspect of baseball, in its role as the so-called National Game, is the fantastic measure of adoration and homage paid the players. On the whole, we pay some of our highest diplomats less money, and infinitely less respect, when they go to Geneva or London or Moscow in a desperate effort to prevent the whole world from bursting into atomic flame, than we pay some robust player for hitting a ball over the fence 30 or 40 times a season.

When the diplomat retires, or dies of a heart attack brought on by his exertions in our behalf, we forget his name the next day. But we never forget the departed ballplayer. We recount his achievements over and over, enshrine them in the record books for posterity, analyze them again and again during the long winter nights when there is, alas, no baseball.

Finally, we end up by going through the solemn ritual of elevating the man formally to that preposterous pantheon known as the Hall of Fame, which must surely be a classical example for all time of the height of something or other.

Parking Practice

A MOTORCYCLE COP who helped direct traffic for a large wedding reception was invited later to partake of a bit of liquid refreshment. Somehow the officer got one more than he could handle, and when he went back to his rounds he hung overtime parking tickets on 64 cars before he discovered he was in a drive-in theater.

—MRS. E. MARRCHELOK

AFTER a woman driver has parked a car her big problem is which of those three parking meters to put the nickel in. —*Quote*

A 12-YEAR-OLD living in a small Kansas town discovered a "gold mine" when parking meters were installed there recently. He traveled up and down the streets checking the meters. When a motorist would start to park at one with the red violation flag showing, the youngster would promptly direct him to a meter with considerable time still left on it. The juvenile prospector found that the majority of the amused drivers would give him the nickel they had intended to place in the parking meter.

—ALVIN SMITH

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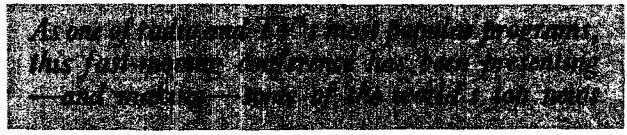
"MEET THE PRESS"

by IRWIN ROSS



IN ONE WEEK LAST FALL, William Remington was murdered and Alger Hiss was released from jail. Both men had their lives decisively altered by a radio and TV program called "Meet The Press."

It was on this lively and irrepressible show, back in 1948, that Elizabeth Bentley, former Soviet spy courier, accused Remington of having been a Communist. Remington sued Bentley, the program and its sponsors for libel. Over the protests of "Meet The Press," its insurance company settled for $10,000. This humiliation of Remington's accusers resulted in renewed efforts to bring him to book. He was indicted four months later, and his conviction for perjury ultimately resulted. In Lewisburg Penitentiary last November, Remington was murdered by fellow inmates.

Hiss, who left Lewisburg that same week, can trace his memories back to a night in August, 1948, when Whittaker Chambers used "Meet The Press" to repeat his charge that Hiss had been a Communist. In this case, Hiss sued only his accuser. In self-defense, Chambers then unveiled the "pumpkin papers" which indicated that Hiss had been a spy, as well as a Communist.

Soon afterward came Hiss' indictment for perjury, his two sensational trials and his ultimate conviction. Had Chambers not gone on "Meet The Press," the Hiss case might still be unresolved.

Scores of such provocative shows have given "Meet The Press" an audience of millions and the status of a national institution. Starting in 1945, it introduced a novel broadcasting technique: a fast-moving, informal press conference that exposed a newsworthy celebrity to searching questioning by four top-flight reporters. Questions and answers were unrehearsed and uninhibited.

Today, the program's prestige is so great that it has no difficulty corralling such notables as former French Premier Mendès-France, Anthony Eden, Lady Astor, John

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Foster Dulles, Vice President Nixon, Madame Pandit, and a good part of the membership of the U. S. Senate—not to speak of Earl Browder and Lycurgus Spinks, Imperial Emperor of the Ku Klux Klan. And it was Dwight D. Eisenhower himself who proposed that General de Lattre de Tassigny go on the show to acquaint the public with the facts of the Indo-China crisis.

Over the years, MTP has received almost every award in its field including the coveted Peabody Award. But the program's proudest boast is that it makes news as well as chronicles it. Late last year, Anthony Nutting, chief British delegate to the UN, greatly reassured America—and caused a commotion in the House of Commons—by stating on "Meet The Press" that Britain would be "involved" if Red China attacked Formosa. No British official had ever made such a statement before.

As far back as April, 1949—many months before the official U. S. announcement—ex-ambassador Walter Bedell Smith revealed that the Soviets "had solved the problem of atomic fission." The late Senator Taft created a sensation, one quiet Sunday, by demanding that American troops be withdrawn from Korea, while perhaps the biggest splash of headlines came in October, 1950, when Governor Thomas E. Dewey took himself out of the Presidential race and announced Eisenhower as his choice. His unexpected proposal really started the "draft-Ike" movement.

Sessions of "Meet The Press" are generally as lively as they are enlightening. And in some ways they are far superior to a conventional press conference. It is impossible for the subject to retreat "off the record," and with the TV cameras catching every flicker of anxiety, even a curt "no comment" can become a revealing answer.

Verbal fireworks are frequent. On one of its early shows, Tex McCrary asked Fiorello LaGuardia if he had ever tried to get a New York newspaper publisher to fire his City Hall reporter. "That's a damn lie!" LaGuardia retorted, setting the panel back on its ear, and, incidentally, making history with his blatant violation of one of radio's sternest taboos.

But only once did violence actually occur—after the program was off the air. Elliott Roosevelt, recently back from a visit to Russia, had been given a rough going-over by a group of reporters, including Fulton Lewis, Jr. After the broadcast, Roosevelt thought he heard Lewis make an unflattering reference to Faye Emerson, then his wife. Roosevelt called Lewis a liar; Lewis demurred; and one of Roosevelt's

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Whatever the subject, Spivak has steadfastly refused to be put off with half-answers or doubletalk . . .

sidekicks took a hefty swing at the commentator.

Letters from guests, the "alumni" of "Meet The Press," attest to the genuine democracy-in-action basis of the show. As John Foster Dulles put it: "On controversial subjects, it is easy to generate heat but hard to generate light. 'Meet The Press' does a job of intellectual illumination. Probing is done by experts who are thorough but not antagonistic. Because the programs are wholly unrehearsed, the responses are bound to be revealing."

A major reason for the success of the show is that Lawrence E. Spivak, MTP's slight, mild-mannered producer and only regular panel member, can get almost any big name he wants.

When Lady Astor arrived in the U.S., she was invited to appear on MTP. She did not know the program, but wherever she went, she ran into friends of the show—including the then Secretary of the Air Force Finletter and Senator Fulbright—who advised her to appear. She finally agreed, and was responsible for an uproariously entertaining half hour.

Perhaps his greatest coup came last fall, when he put on Pierre Mendès-France—the first time any chief of government had appeared on such an American TV program. Spivak's preparations involved contacts on many official levels.

At the last moment, however, the Premier became a little difficult. The morning of the show, Spivak went to his hotel in New York. Mendès-France eyed him cagily. "So you're the executioner," he said, "and I'm to be the victim."

"No man need worry who knows the answers," said Spivak, "and I'm sure you do."

Then he suggested to the Premier's retinue that he be attired in a grey suit, blue shirt and tie—the best color of haberdashery for TV—but the Premier wouldn't put the costume on. Nor would he shave before the show. And on his way down to the station, with Spivak, he seemed quite disgruntled.

At Radio City, however, a crush of cheering people greeted him as he alighted from the car. The march to the elevators, flanked by NBC brass, was a triumphal procession. Mendès-France was suddenly all smiles and quips, Spivak was able to propel him into General Sarnoff's dressing room, get him shaved and made up, and present him to the American public in great form.

One of the highlights of Spivak's career was the letter he later received from Mendès-France's closest aide, who said that, judging from the reaction, the Premier's appearance on TV was the most effective thing he did while in this country.

Although completely spontaneous, a good deal of preparation goes into each MTP program. Spivak, the mainstay of the panel, has his researchers check into the background of each guest. By program time, he generally has 50 questions in mind, of which he may use five or six. Much of the show's success

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is attributed to the deftness and timing of his sallies.

The technique was displayed at its best on the celebrated occasion when the late Senator Bilbo appeared on the program. The show started with a bang, Bilbo being asked whether he agreed with a recent poll declaring him the worst Senator in the chamber. Bilbo didn't agree, and soon found himself overwhelmed with embarrassing questions on racial matters.

Suddenly, Spivak asked whether he had ever been a member of the Ku Klux Klan. And Bilbo promptly replied: "I have. I am a member of the Ku Klux Klan No. 40." That revelation made coast-to-coast headlines and started the move to oust Bilbo from the Senate.

Whether the subject be friendly or recalcitrant, Spivak keeps bearing down with polite mercilessness, refusing to be put off with half-answers or doubletalk. He put Adlai Stevenson on "Meet The Press" the day after Truman took himself out of the 1952 Presidential race. Spivak and the rest of the panel kept after Stevenson on whether he sought the nomination (he didn't), whether he would accept a draft (he was somewhat evasive), and finally he was asked whether he would make a flat statement that he would not take the nomination. Stevenson replied: "I will not say that."

Months later, Col. Jacob Arvey, Chicago Democratic leader, said that "were it not for this program, he would never, in my opinion, have been considered as a candidate for the Presidency." Stevenson's answers had convinced his admirers he was very much available.

Appearances on "Meet The Press" do not always have such pleasant aftermaths. Newbold Morris came on the show soon after he was appointed by President Truman to clean corruption out of the federal government. Spivak questioned Morris intensively on the propriety of several of Truman's own appointees—such as the buffoonish General Vaughn and William O'Dwyer, whose scandal-wracked career as Mayor of New York had ended when Truman appointed him ambassador to Mexico.

When pressed, Morris flatly stated that had he the power, he would never have made these unhappy choices. But he suggested that Truman had reformed. "Give this guy a chance," Morris pleaded. "Who are we to say that the Angel Gabriel didn't appear to the President of the U. S. and say you've got to clean this up." It was quite a show—but the President was a regular listener, and it was the beginning of the end of Morris' Washington career.

"MEET THE PRESS" began in a very modest way ten years ago. At the time, Spivak, who had spent his entire career in magazine publishing, was dabbling with a radio program that dramatized articles appearing in his *The American Mercury* (a journal he has since sold). One would-be contributor was a personable young lady named Martha Rountree, who had had considerable experience in radio production. Spivak asked her opinion of his program. She bluntly told him that it was no good, and in the course of their discussion, they lit on the format for "Meet The Press."

Spivak was not able to sell the

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idea to the networks. Too intellectual, he was told. Then Miss Rountree tried a new approach on Mutual Broadcasting. "Wouldn't you like," said she, "a program on which four top newsmen would interview Truman, Stalin, Wallace and Churchill?" Indeed they would, and the show was sold.

The radio program was launched, in 1945, on a pittance. Mutual paid $300 per program, and Spivak had to put in another $500 to meet expenses. The show won quick acceptance, and two years later a separate version went on NBC television. Currently, the TV performance—now sponsored, on alternate weeks, by Pan American and Johns-Manville—goes on early Sunday evening and is rebroadcast on NBC radio late at night.

In 1953, the Spivak-Rountree partnership broke up, very amicably, following her marriage and her desire to work on TV shows with her husband. The dissolution was novel: she was to set the price, and Spivak could decide whether to buy or sell. He chose to buy, for a sum reported to be over $100,000.

Of Miss Rountree's list of proposed interviewees, back in 1945, only Wallace materialized. Spivak once wrote an invitation to Stalin, but never received a reply. Nor did President Truman appear, though apparently he was long under the impression that he had. In an address at the Interior Department auditorium in Washington, on May 9, 1951, Truman said:

"My first visit to this auditorium, Mr. Secretary, was on a 'Meet The Press' program, when I was a United States Senator, making some investigation in the Second World War. It was not a very satisfactory meeting for me . . . They got me into more trouble than any other man has ever gotten into in the history of the world."

Spivak was flattered at the reference, but perplexed to know how Truman had imagined himself on the show. He had ceased to be Senator many months before "Meet The Press" began.

The Naked Truth

FOR 40 YEARS a certain minister had thought it his duty to preach one sermon a year on women's dresses. Finally he had to give it up, explaining, "It got to where there wasn't enough to take up half an hour."

—PIERCE HARRIS, *Spiritual Revolution* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

A LADY I HEARD ABOUT took her nine-year-old niece to the Museum of Art. Standing before Rodin's "Thinker," the little girl remarked, "He's quite bare, isn't he? I wonder what he's thinking of?" Then, after surveying the statue thoughtfully, she answered her own question with: "I guess he's wondering what he's going to wear." —ELEANOR CLARAGE

HE'S SO SHY he won't even strip an artichoke without a chaperone.

—BOB HOPE

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So I'm a Baby Sitter?

by Sid Caesar

featuring Ellen Parker and Howard Morris of "Caesar's Hour," NBC-TV

Good Neighbor Caesar—that's what they call me. Their regular baby sitter has tickets to a TV show, so naturally I throw myself into the breach. What are neighbors for? It couldn't be too hard, looking after their little angel. I should worry! After all, I'm so big and he's so small.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZINN ARTHUR

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Oh, he *is* a cutie. See how he likes me? Guess I'm just a natural with children. And if he does look a little doubtful —I'll get through to him.

Now, don't worry about a thing. If I know anything, I know babies. I was a baby once myself, wasn't I? Well, they're gone—so now off with the coat and get comfortable.

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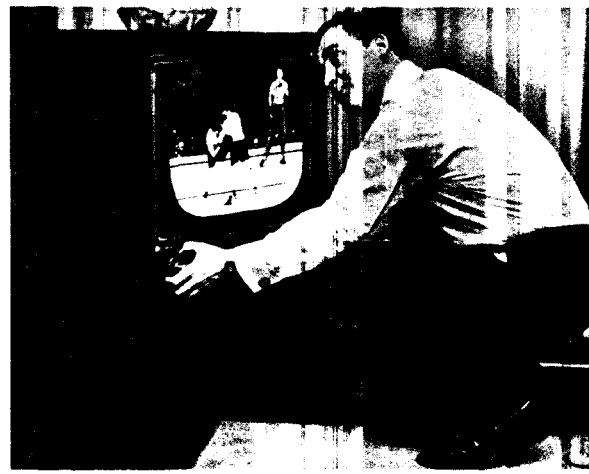
They said make myself at home. Well, I have a gift for that, too. . . . Can't baby sit on an empty stomach, can we?



Wonder what's on here? Ooo, a prize fight! That's Killer Drake in black trunks. I hope he gets it! I lost 50 cents on him last year.

He's down. Hurray! Jump on him! Fish in his trunks for that 50 cents! Give it to him! No! Better yet, give it to me!

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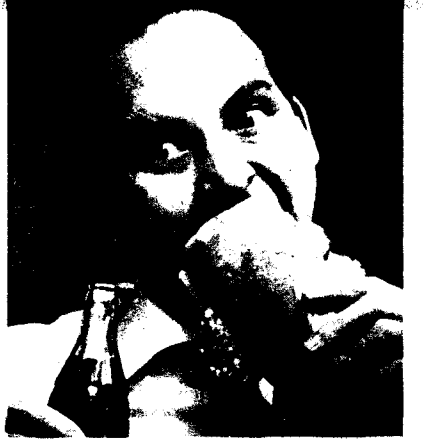
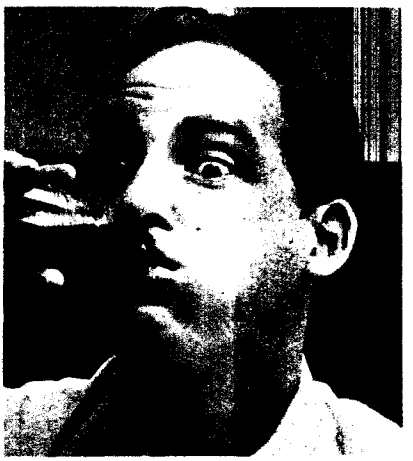
Oops! He's up. And what he's doing!



Watch that left! Watch it!



Hold that clinch until I get this down.

Ooh! A dirty blow! Ooooooooooooo!

Well! A little visitor! Want to make a small side bet, chum?

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I said, let's get into bed. Please! No! Drop the book! It's too late for reading.

O.K. It's *not* too late! So how can you develop your mind if you don't read?

I fixed *him*. Now you fix that bum!

Oohhh . . . The patter of little feet!

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Look, kid, you're going to show up in nursery school tomorrow with rings under your eyes. You wouldn't want that, would you? I mean . . . All right, all right! I'm a sucker for personality.

He'll be asleep in a couple of minutes, the little angel. I'll outlast him.

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Why, this kid's outlasting me. He's a born man-sitter!

Look, dear, he won't let go of Mr. Caesar. He's crazy about him. Let's have him sit again tomorrow night. I'm sure Junior will love it.

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Built on the ideals of its founders, this great university is growing far beyond their dreams

The BRANDEIS Way to Brotherhood

by HAL CLANCY

A BOSTON BUSINESSMAN spent most of a recent morning anxiously waiting while his partner was supposed to be making an important sale to the president of a large company.

When the partner returned wearing a smile of unmistakable triumph, he asked excitedly, "You were successful?"

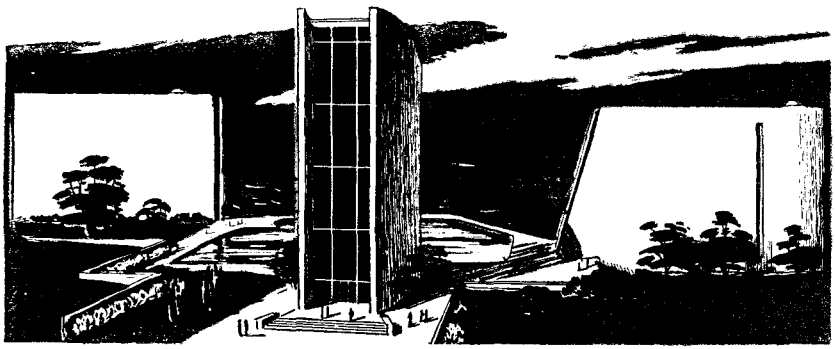
"You bet I was," the partner said. "We never got around to talking business, but wait 'till you hear the contribution I got for Brandeis University."

It was just another example of the incredible enthusiasm that is making Brandeis—America's only Jewish-founded nonsectarian university—the fastest-growing institution of higher learning in the nation.

And there is nothing local about this "Boost Brandeis" spirit. It is as heart-warmingly keen in Texas, California and the deep South, as in the cities and towns surrounding the University's 200-acre campus in Waltham, Massachusetts.

Resources are still modest and much more is needed because Brandeis is in the costly building period. But the annual income has tripled during the past six years—and no comparable institution has come even close to that record.

The campus, a beautiful, rolling expanse of woods and fields overlooking the Charles River, has doubled in area. Fourteen major buildings have been added to the



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ten original structures. Further expansion is in the blueprint stage.

The building pace has been so spectacular that Dr. Abram Leon Sachar, Brandeis' first president, says with a smile: "I sometimes fear that Brandeis' next president will suspect I had an edifice complex."

Last year, the president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, about to speak at ceremonies honoring the graduate school and the new $500,000 Brandeis Student Center, asked when the work on the building was actually completed.

"Thirty minutes ago," he was told.

NAMED AFTER the late Supreme Court Justice Louis Dembitz Brandeis, ardent champion of liberalism, Brandeis University began its career in 1948 with 13 faculty members. Now there are 130.

There were 107 students that first year. Now there are more than 900 undergraduates from Canada, South America, Europe, Africa, the Middle and Far East—and almost every state in the Union.

The number of undergraduates would be far larger except for the rigid scholastic standards, which have brought about Brandeis' astonishingly quick acceptance by the academic world.

The University is mistakenly thought of by some as a Jewish university. It is not—any more than Harvard is a Congregationalist university.

Brandeis is Jewish-founded and primarily Jewish-supported, but it is so rigorously nonsectarian that nothing is known about a freshman when he arrives on the campus except his academic background. No student or faculty member is asked any question dealing with nationality, religious beliefs or racial origins. No photographs are requested with applications for admission.

Little wonder when Brandeis fielded its football team last year, one Boston sportswriter asked: "Is this Brandeis or a roll call at the UN?"

So cherished is the nonsectarian ideal, that Brandeis, during its early days of desperate financial strain, rejected without the slightest hesitation a handsome scholarship that would have been restricted to a student of Jewish faith.

"You're sure you won't reconsider?" asked the would-be donor, a wealthy Jewish merchant. "It's a lot of money to turn down."

President Sachar and the trustees responded with a flat, "No!"

"Good," the merchant said. "I just wanted to make certain you were absolutely firm about the nonsectarian principle. Since you are, I am prepared to give much more."

A Jewish-founded nonsectarian university was being discussed back in post-Civil War days. But American Jews, though they contributed to our great universities far in excess of their numerical proportion, founded only strictly sectarian institutions, prior to Brandeis.

That fact was uppermost in the minds of seven Boston men—attorney George Alpert, grocery chain executive Norman S. Rabb, and manufacturers Joseph F. Ford, Abraham Shapiro, the late Morris S. Shapiro, James J. Axelrod and Meyer Jaffe—when they banded together to make the Brandeis dream come true.

All were immigrants or the sons of immigrants, and only two had

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In 1948, Brandeis welcomed its first class—and began the "fearless search for truth" . . .

been to college. The odds against them were, at best, staggering. And, when Dr. Albert Einstein and a group of prominent Jewish educators and industrialists withdrew their support in a squabble over personalities, defeat seemed certain.

"We owe Brandeis to the country that gave us freedom and the right to lead happy and useful lives," Chairman Alpert told his six trustees. "We intend to pay that debt." And that was the spirit in which Brandeis was created: as a gift of love and gratitude to the U. S.

But it took perspiration as well as inspiration. Alpert went on coast-to-coast speaking tours. The other trustees drove themselves relentlessly to raise funds.

Speaking to a group in Houston, Texas, Alpert was explaining that Brandeis would need a great amount of support because it would be many years before it would have an alumni.

"If you don't have an alumni," someone in the audience suggested, "why don't you form one?"

That suggestion resulted in the creation of a foster alumni group called the Brandeis Associates, some 6,000 persons who are contributing more than $600,000 annually to the support of the University. That is the equivalent of the income from a $10,000,000 endowment fund.

This prompted a Brandeis professor to remark recently that Brandeis is the only university in the world supported by the devotion of an alumni body that is non-existent and by the income from an endowment not yet realized.

Undoubtedly the biggest and most immediate problem facing the "Founding Seven" was acquiring a physical plant. Several sites were considered and the trustees were investigating the possibilities of acquiring the buildings and land of defunct Middlesex University in Waltham.Their sincerity and idealism so impressed C. Ruggles Smith, whose father had founded Middlesex and poured a personal fortune into the unsuccessful struggle to make it survive as a medical school, that he offered the buildings and land as a gift. The offer was made, however, with the stipulation that Brandeis never discriminate against anyone because of race or religion —an agreement which the founders heartily accepted.

Later, Smith, scion of a Protestant first-settler New England family, enthusiastically joined the Brandeis team and is now the University's director of admissions and registrar.

The most dramatic structure inherited from Middlesex is The Castle, a frowning pile of masonry that abounds in glamorous turrets and flying buttresses, huge halls and shadowy subterranean passages.

Undergraduates love to entertain visitors and freshmen in its dining room so that, as the entree is served, they can break the news:

"You know, this used to be where

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the students dissected cadavers when this was Middlesex."

It gets a guaranteed reaction—and is true.

But the greatest triumph of the Founding Seven was the choice of a president. As later developments proved, Dr. Sachar possessed in nice balance the idealism, erudition and clear-headed business sense that were needed.

Educated at Washington University, Harvard and Cambridge, Dr. Sachar had taught history at the University of Illinois and been National Director of the Hillel Foundations, an organization of Jewish students' centers on campuses throughout the nation, before retiring to California.

DR. SACHAR PLUNGED with a fervor into the job of organizing an administrative staff and faculty, and raising funds.

"We owe it to America to provide this country with a Jewish-founded nonsectarian university," he said, "and we are going to do it if we have to lay the bricks with our own hands."

The enthusiasm kindled by Dr. Sachar and the tireless trustees swept across the nation. A factory worker saved enough from his wages to sponsor a small scholarship. A Boston dowager was so impressed by what she had heard about Brandeis, that she left the University some $40,000 in her will.

Some, instead of cash, sent gifts in kind. Kegs of nails and crates of paper towels arrived. Well-wishers donated treasured stamp collections, pieces of furniture, cases of canned goods. Truckloads of lumber were delivered without warning. One man sent a fully equipped machine shop.

Outstanding educators were attracted to the faculty as soon as it became obvious that Brandeis was to remain a small, quality institution. Even now, with 325 courses available to undergraduates, the University maintains its ratio of one teacher for every nine students.

Author Ludwig Lewisohn became professor of comparative literature; the brilliant young composer Leonard Bernstein, professor of music. Irving Gifford Fine, another illustrious composer, quit Harvard and is now Chairman of the Brandeis School of Creative Arts. Mathematician Aron Gurwitsch, economist Svend Laursen and scientist Saul G. Cohen were among the many who saw what they wanted in the Brandeis ideal.

Benjamin (Benny) Friedman, Michigan's all-American quarterback of some three decades ago, is professor of physical education and a good example of the spirit of near dedication among the faculty. Friedman closed a successful automobile agency to take the job.

The importance attached by Dr. Sachar to gathering just the right faculty members is shown by his annual advice to Brandeis freshmen: "Pick people—not courses."

Brandeis welcomed its first class in 1948 and they began the "fearless search for truth" recommended by the great jurist after whom the University was named.

A relaxed, friendly relationship exists between faculty and students and they sincerely enjoy being together outside as well as in classes. Everyone is enormously fond of the professor who takes his cat for a

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walk on a leash, and the faculty member who until very recently drove a 1922 Franklin with the advice, "Keep Cool With Coolidge," painted on the rear.

Brandeis students appear to be seriously intent upon getting an education. As one faculty member put it not long ago: "They aren't grinds, but they aren't fooling, either."

For instance, when Dr. Sachar instituted a full credit course on "a working philosophy for a productive life," to be required of all seniors, some thought voluntary attendance at evening sessions might not work out. However, when Dr. Sachar attended one of these lectures recently, a student usher reported: "We have 159 seniors, and 237 of them are here."

THE BOY WHO WILL BE KING

A revealing portrait of Britain's young Prince Charles, showing the methods the Queen is using to prepare him for the day when he will ascend the throne. In July Coronet.

One member of the class of '54 is 21-year-old Eliyahu Ahilea. Professor Bernstein, while conducting in Israel, heard Ahilea play the piano and brought him back to Brandeis as a musical prodigy at the age of 15. Short, spindly and shy, Ahilea was promptly nicknamed "Spike" by fellow students.

However, "Spike" found a new interest at Brandeis—physics and engineering. Now he has forgotten music as a career and, after being graduated *magna cum laude* with distinction in physics, he entered MIT on a scholarship.

Brandeis prides itself on the way students "find themselves" at the University, and for that reason doesn't try to force music on an Ahilea. The students seem to respond well to being treated as adults.

Because Brandeis is new, students do not choose it aimlessly, or simply because a father or mother went there. Every undergraduate is there because he or she made a decision that it was, of several available schools, the *right* one.

Some were attracted by the illustrious educators on the faculty, some by the youth and promise of the institution, others by the school's most enthusiastic promoters—its students and alumni. The net result is that all are there for a purpose—which explains the University's atmosphere of vigor and sincerity.

William McKenna, a tall, husky redhead who is president of Brandeis' Newman Club, an undergraduate Catholic organization, considered several schools before picking Brandeis.

"I wanted a school where I could prepare myself to be an electrical engineer and, at the same time, play good but non-professional football," he says.

McKenna, considered by some sports observers to be one of the best ends in New England football, also has achieved an enviable academic record due, at least in part, to the individual instruction made possible by the small classes.

"I wanted a small school with a top-flight faculty, a place where one would get a broad and solid liberal arts education in preparation for the study of law," says Irving (Lenny) Markovitz, who is president of the Hillel Foundation. "Brandeis offered that—along with several other inducements. For instance, I

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am an Orthodox Jew and the University provides kosher food for students who want it.

"If I had to select one thing above all others that I like about Brandeis, it would be the emphasis on teaching you to think as well as remember mere facts. Take literature as an example: we have informal gatherings in which students will sit down with a professor for a couple of hours and discuss a book —a free exchange of opinions, interpretations, reactions. It's a really stimulating experience."

Norma Bassett, a pretty, blonde senior and president of the Student Christian Association, a Protestant group, has different reasons for picking Brandeis:

"I'm interested in undergraduate activities and I was attracted by the opportunity in that area offered by Brandeis. Another thing—I had grown up in a small, Protestant community and I thought the experience in social relations, in working with and getting to know persons of different faiths and customs, would be valuable. Everything has worked out just as I hoped it would."

All of which means that Brandeis, which was not in existence seven years ago, has already come of age as a university with its own atmosphere and its own achievements.

At this moment, which you always have to say when mentioning it, the University consists of two schools: the College of Arts and Sciences and the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. The College is subdivided into four schools: Social Science, the Humanities, Science, and the Creative Arts. This is a radical departure from the traditional departmental system. Plans for expansion include, possibly, Schools of Medicine, Social Work, Public Administration, and Law.

The Board of Trustees, headed by Chairman Abraham Feinberg, has grown to 16 members, including Judge Joseph M. Proskauer and Eleanor Roosevelt. Senator Herbert H. Lehman of New York is Honorary Chairman of the University Fellows.

But while most things at Brandeis have been expanding and changing with the dramatic growth of the University, one thing has remained completely constant: the devotion to brotherhood.

There was a perfect example of that when it was suggested that a building be erected to hold the planned Jewish, Protestant and Catholic chapels. One of the trustees protested at once:

"No matter how you describe it, somebody's chapel is going to be in the basement and we will not subject anyone to that slight."

And that is why Brandeis—unlike most nonsectarian schools which provide one host chapel for all faiths—is building three separate and equal chapels, which will soon be completed. For at Brandeis, men of all colors, creeds and national origins belong on the same level.

Here Lies

AFTER READING the epitaphs in a cemetery, you wonder where they bury the sinners. —*Changing Times*

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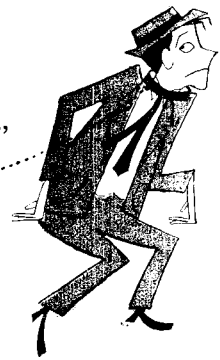
Train That Person!

by JACK PAAR

Star of CBS-TV's "The Morning Show"



With the right amount of discipline— a man can be a dog's best friend

EVERY DOG should have a person of his own. A person comes in handy for making a dog's supper, opening doors, and driving the car on long rides. And, if trained correctly, a man can be a dog's best friend. . . .

The first thing a dog should look for in choosing a person is good health. The condition of a man's health can sometimes be determined by his nose which, unlike a dog's, should be warm and dry. And remember, the color of a man's tongue is not indicative of his health or breeding.

Avoid in all instances a man who chases pretty girls. This is a very hard habit to break. There will be many times when a dog feels like going for a walk and as soon as he steps out of the house, the man will see a pretty girl, and he'll talk and talk and talk until the dog is blue in the face. . . .

If a dog intends keeping a man in the house, he should get a lapman. That is, one with a lap to sit in. A good substantial lap makes a fine insulation against the cold floor.

Some men train very easily and in no time at all can be taught to shake hands, fetch a ball, and sit down. But a dog should realize that a human being does not have a dog's infallible instincts and it is not his fault when he misunderstands a dog's commands.

Sometimes a good reproachful look can accomplish more than violence. The dog should show dissatisfaction by gently, but firmly, chewing up a pipe or bedroom slippers.

The basic thing you should teach a man is how to walk, or as it is technically called, how to *heel*. This is done by waving a long leather leash in front of him until he attaches one end to your collar and loops the other around his wrist. Now start off down the street, stopping at frequent intervals (or poles) until he realizes he is under control.

If he persists in going on, walk around him once at the end of the leash, winding it deftly around his ankles. This should discourage him

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and subtly throw him on his back.

One trick every man grasps easily is shaking hands. In a stubborn case, when a man doesn't grasp the idea, get your front paws muddy, walk up to him and put one muddy paw on his trousers. He will usually immediately grab your paw.

Men are playful creatures and some of them delight in doing the stunt known as throwing a stick. This takes a certain amount of effort on the dog's part in retrieving the stick because the man has a very bad aim and frequently the stick lands in water.

To teach your man to sit down, wait until he is in front of a chair and slightly off-balance. Then rush at him from across the room and jump directly on his chest with all four feet, saying the one simple command, "Arf!" (Note: "Arf" is a good all-around word to use on a man. Don't use any longer words, as men are easily confused.)

Diet is very important. To make sure that the man does not overeat, sit by his side at the table and look at him with soft eyes, whining a bit as he puts each forkful to his face. Quite frequently you may have to eat some of the food yourself . . . but sharing his meal this way makes a man feel as though he is part of your family.

With these precautions, your man should be very happy and serve you a long time. A human with care can last as long as 60 or 70 years.

We had one man in our family for four generations . . . .

Know-How

METAL REFINING to obtain a 99.99999999 per cent purity is announced by the Bell Telephone Laboratories. The impurities remaining, they say, equal one pinch of salt in 35 carloads of sugar. —*Executives' Digest* by Cambridge Associates, Inc.

A NEW ELECTRONIC clinical thermometer which gives an accurate temperature reading in five to seven seconds—less time than it takes to "shake down" the mercury in the conventional glass rod type—has been invented by an Army dentist, Col. George T. Perkins. With this new thermometer, known as "Swiftem," a hospital nurse can remain at her desk and take a patient's temperature in another part of the ward.

Preliminary tests indicate that the new thermometer will save a tremendous number of man hours, provide a greater degree of accuracy, and probably eliminate the Army game of "goldbricking." —GARY DALE

A GRAIN OF GOLD smaller than a pinhead can be drawn out into a wire 500 feet long, or beaten into a leaf to cover an area of over 56 square inches. —LILY SANDROF, in *Your Life*

MICROSCOPICALLY CLOSE MACHINING, with vital parts having tolerances of 0.0002 of an inch, or about 1/30th the thickness of a human hair, has made possible the development by Talon, Inc., of a new zipper, "magic tab," that frees itself in a jam. If a thread or bit of cloth becomes caught in the zipper, you just bend the pull-tab against a tiny push-button which spreads the jaws of the mechanism enough to free the obstruction, but not enough to derail the zipper. —*Talon, Inc.*

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Lucky Number

by TED MALONE

JOE SNYDER'S NUMBER was up even before he started the job that September night in 1953. It was up, to be precise, from the moment he placed a fresh handkerchief in his pocket, picked up his kit and let himself out of his London flat.

Joe was one of the city's most elusive house- and shop-breakers; the place that he had picked for his latest job was a small dairy. Its safe proved no more difficult to crack than had the others during the two years Joe had been operating to the discomfiture of Scotland Yard. And he got away, undetected, with the $2,300 the safe contained.

The dairy proprietor discovered the robbery when he arrived to open for the day. Quickly, he called Scotland Yard, and in a matter of minutes, two detectives were looking for fingerprints or other clues to the burglar's identity. But, as usual, there were none.

"It's 'im again," one of the Yard men observed.

The other nodded. Then, suddenly, something caught his attention. He bent to pick up a handkerchief beside the counter. It was a plain, white, man's handkerchief; and unmarked.

"Yours?" he asked the proprietor.

"No," the dairyman said positively, "not mine."

The detectives departed hurriedly. Less than two hours later, they walked in on Joe Snyder at his flat, as he counted his loot.

Joe never knew how Scotland Yard got his number. Invisible though it was, it had really been quite simple to read.

On a hunch, the detectives rushed to the Yard's laboratory with the handkerchief Joe had inadvertently dropped. There, under an ultra-violet lamp, a series of figures appeared.

The detectives had been hoping for just this break. For they knew it was the practice of many small London laundries to use invisible ink in marking items before sending them to large central plants for processing. The Yard had a list of these laundry marks.

Comparing the figures with this file identified Joe's laundry; a quick trip there and the detectives had his name and address.

The evidence against Snyder, without introducing the handkerchief at all, proved sufficient to put him behind bars for a long time. So he still probably doesn't know that a number he'd never even seen led to his downfall. The number, ironically, was—13-13.

Ted Malone is host of his own show on the ABC radio network, Mondays through Fridays at 1:15 P.M. EDST.

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Toy Clinics of America provides a "continuous Christmas" for needy children

They Need Your Toys

by MARIE UPDEGRAFF

ONE SULTRY DAY in July, 1949, this ad appeared in the Ridgefield, Connecticut, (pop. 4,000) weekly *Press:* "A little red wagon or any other toys lying idle in your house would make a convalescing youngster believe in a summer Santa Claus. A charity hospital needs toys and clothing for boys and girls between the ages of two and twelve. Please phone Mrs. Joseph M. Shapiro."

In a fieldstone house on a hill, an attractive redhead sat near the phone. Edna Root Shapiro, then 32, fidgeted like a girl without a date for the Saturday dance. Finally, she turned to her husband.

"Do you suppose anybody will read the ad and feel like carting toys up here in all this heat?"

The chairman of the board of the Simplicity Pattern Company emerged from his paper. "We'll have to wait and see, dear," he said.

Just then the phone rang. It was the first drop in the deluge that followed. A procession of beardless summer Santa Clauses in shorts, cotton dresses and sport shirts dumped everything from rattles to bicycles on the doorstep. Quickly Mrs. Shapiro converted her stable into a repair shop and called in some neighbors to help. Here in a manger, Toy Clinics of America, Inc., a "continuous Christmas" for children in need, was born.

Edna Shapiro's unique corporation, which makes something out of nothing for thousands of youngsters who don't have anything, is a national charity that accepts no money. "Please don't send money," says its five-foot-two president. "It costs money to send it back to you."

Thus far, Toy Clinics has given away 200,000 playthings of all kinds to fill specific needs of hundreds of child-care institutions that can't afford to buy toys—hospitals, orphanages, schools for the handicapped, nurseries, welfare agencies. Mrs. Shapiro has chartered a total of 20 workshops in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Ohio, Florida and Texas, and has applications coming in weekly from other states. Local branches of a dozen national organizations, as well as many independent groups and individuals, aid the project. They work the year round because "children need things to play with every day, not just at Christmas."

Everything is donated. Volunteers

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Reconditioned cast-off playthings bring joy to little lives.

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collect discarded toys and books from attics and basements; manufacturers supply some "seconds," also bales of fabrics for cloth toys and doll wardrobes, and tools to work with. (A lawyer suggested the charity be incorporated "to discourage charlatans," then donated the necessary legal papers himself.) The charity's 10,000 volunteers of both sexes range in age from under 8 to over 80. They collect, clean, repair, make and distribute toys. Because Toy Clinics' "continuous Christmas" spirit is contagious, workers seldom have to be recruited.

Mrs. Stephen J. Finnegan, a Roslyn, Long Island, mother of two school-age children, wanted to get rid of the outgrown toys cluttering up her basement. Now her basement is more cluttered than ever—with people! "I found such a toy famine in Brooklyn and Long Island institutions," she explains, "that I started a workshop open to the public every Thursday. In no time my basement was so crowded I had to add a second shift on Mondays."

Toy Clinics is not a random "Lady Bountiful" organization. Playthings are distributed scientifically. Institutions list specific items they need, and volunteers make deliveries.

THE ORIGINAL RIDGEFIELD workshop was taken over by Mrs. Ross Eaglesham, wife of a commercial artist, in 1951 when the Shapiros moved to Stamford, Connecticut. Edna's Christmas-around-the-calendar followed. Stamford (pop. 75,000) has since become known unofficially as the "Toy Clinics City."

A trash collector's wife donates the not-too-beat-up playthings her husband salvages from Stamford trash cans. Mrs. Ralph J. Cordiner, wife of General Electric's president, has started a rag-doll "factory" in a private school for girls. Mrs. Thomas W. Wright, a housewife, organized 20 friends into the "Hostess Toy Clinic," which meets to sew in a different member's home once a week.

Residents of a home for the aged —charity cases themselves—forget their troubles while making old toys like new. The YMCA retired men's club also repairs toys, and a 78-year-old member makes doll clothes! The YWCA and National Council of Jewish Women operate public workshops in Stamford. Members of the Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Junior League and Junior Woman's Club collect cast-off toys. On Mrs. Shapiro's property is a toy "supermarket," where representatives from nearby institutions can fill their cars with playthings they need.

From Stamford, the Santa Claus fever spread to other parts of the country. In Florida, the Coral Gables Woman's Club set up the largest workshop of all. The Peoria, Illinois, Mothers' League dreamed up a Toymobile for the children's ward of an Illinois hospital. The Center Sandwich, New Hampshire, American Legion Auxiliary, the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Quota Club, and the Madison, Connecticut, Sunshine Society started workshops.

Recently Mrs. Jack Melton, a housewife in El Paso, Texas, made an especially gay rag doll for a three-year-old girl in Hotel Dieu Hospital who had been seriously burned in an accident. "It was the first doll the poor little thing ever

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owned," says Mrs. Melton. "When she cradled it in her bandaged arms, she was so happy she cried—and I cried, too!"

Toys for the blind are made of materials such as satin and velvet, and have bells sewn on so they can be located by ear. Not long ago, Mrs. Shapiro received this letter in Braille from an eight-year-old girl: "Thank you for the doll. It is the prettiest doll I have ever *seen*."

Edna Root Shapiro has no children of her own. This third cousin of the late Elihu Root, Theodore Roosevelt's Secretary of State, was born and reared in New York City. She was a "poor little rich girl," bedridden much of the time due to a respiratory weakness.

Later, as a popular debutante, she gradually realized that happiness depends not on what you get but on what you give. Then, on that July day six years ago, she impulsively opened her heart strings instead of her purse strings and in a short time she discovered the greatest happiness of all—giving herself.

The "happiness therapy" of Toy Clinics affects not only children on the receiving end but volunteers on the giving end as well. Mrs. William Mansfield, 62, of Bloomfield, New Jersey, was desolate when her only child, an adopted son, died in the prime of manhood. "Did God take him because I loved him too much?" she reproached herself. Then one bright day she heard of Toy Clinics. Suddenly she decided to make 500 stuffed animals in memory of her son and give them to children in nearby hospitals.

"My living room looks like a snow plow went through it," she says. "But my husband doesn't mind; he's so glad I'm happy at last. And thank God I'm able to do something for others—it's a wonderful feeling!"

If you are interested in starting a Toy Clinic or would like to donate toys in good condition to child-care institutions, write to Mrs. Joseph M. Shapiro, Lakewood Drive, Stamford, Conn. She will supply information and suggest what institutions to contact in your area.

In Black and White

(A Brain Stopper)

1. HERE'S ONE that a department-store executive tossed at me. A blind man goes into a store and buys 100 pairs of black socks with clocks on and 100 pairs of white socks with clocks on. On the way back to his apartment he drops the bundles and, of course, gets the socks all jumbled up—whites mixed with blacks and blacks confused with whites. Have you the picture? Then, in his own way, he starts sorting them. How many socks would the blind man have to select from them all to get a pair?

2. NOW THAT YOU'VE toyed with the sock problem, here's a similar noodle annoyer from a professor of psychology, only he uses gloves. There are 100 pairs of black gloves and 100 pairs of white gloves. How many gloves would the blind man have to select from the jumbled pile to assure himself of one matching pair? And the answer isn't the same this time. (Answers on page 148) —CEDRIC ADAMS, *Poor Cedric's Almanac* (Doubleday & Co.)

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The Only Man in My Life

by MARY B. ANDERSON

Some months ago, Coronet printed an article by Zsa Zsa Gabor, entitled "The Men in My Life." The response from readers—pro and con—was tremendous. Among the replies was this answer, by a typical American wife, to all those "glamor" wives who are glamorous chiefly because of their multiple marriages and divorces.—The Editors.

THERE ARE ALL manner of true stories of sordid love and sex available at your corner drugstore; headlines, the radio and television daily highlight the worst in the relationship between men and women. But how often do you read about *happy* marriages? Is it dull reading, or listening, or viewing?

I don't think so.

No one ever told me I am an authority on men or marriage. I am only a housewife who has been happily married to the same man for twenty years and who looks forward to being happily married to him until one of us departs from this earth.

I did not start a "marital career." I was joined to a man in holy matrimony. I listened to every word of that marriage service. I didn't just give responses, I made certain promises which I have never forgotten nor wished to be free of.

I make no apologies for writing about men, and one man in particular. I like men—the way they tackle their problems, their exchange of viewpoints, their helpful suggestions to one another. But I love only one man.

To get the whole picture, let's start at the beginning.

I was one of four children of good parents who loved each other and were happily married for 36 years, when my father died. My father and mother were in agreement on all things of importance and trained us to observe the Christian rules for everyday living. I say "trained" and mean just that. They never lectured, but so instilled in us the fundamentals of truth, honesty and fair play that we were molded without realizing it.

We had the normal disagreements of healthy youngsters. But we could go just so far, and when we really got angry, my mother would say, "That's enough—you won't

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settle anything that way." When we cooled off, we either forgot the whole matter or came to some amicable agreement.

Fortunately, we always had the necessities of life and enough of the luxuries to make it very interesting. Hard work and systematic saving was a religion with my father and he was able to accumulate some material things through careful management. We understood from an early age that we would all share alike in the work and the rewarding fun.

When I became aware of boys not as brothers but as individuals much more interesting, my parents recognized this as a natural phase in the growing-up process and encouraged me to meet lots of young people. They had been preparing us all our lives to know right from wrong and to have the will to do the right. They trusted us. I would not have betrayed their trust for anything in the world.

Though I had pretty hair and expressive eyes, I was something of an ugly duckling—until I became wise enough to understand that a bright smile, a good disposition and a genuine interest in other people completely overshadowed glamor. I had many friends and my fair share of admirers. And I am reasonably sure I could have married any one of three other men, but I did not think it fair to let a man get as far as asking me until I was really interested.

From the time I was a little girl, my mother had told me that some day the right man would come along and when he did, I would be so glad I had waited for him. When I really fell in love, she said, I would be so happy that I had not let other men cheapen this love. My man would love and respect me and would not ask for intimacies, for he would not want to spoil the very attribute for which he most respected me.

She hoped the boys, my brothers, would listen to her and keep themselves for their wives. She felt they were more apt to stray; but for us girls, there was to be no sidetracking, no "just once" affairs along the way.

She impressed us with the fact that good women attract good men. To her there were just two kinds of men, good and bad. What they did or did not have materially, did not matter.

I listened to Mom, not always agreeing, but the more I saw of people, and knew of their personal lives, the more I became convinced that she was right. I held my friends, while the "fast" girls couldn't keep the same suitors around for long. And I was enjoying life so much more than the girls who were forever busy cornering boys, knowing they did not dare risk waiting for the boys to seek them out.

I was secretary in a large corporation for seven years after I finished school. All during that time these truths kept coming home to me. I came in contact with every type of man. I was popular but found that men respected me.

When I was 18, I started dating "the man," though I did not have the slightest inkling that he was it. He was 11 months older than I and had been in high school with me. As we became better acquainted we found we enjoyed each other's company and for the next three

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years we dated, also dating others. We could have the best times on the least money!

Then "the man" got a little serious and wanted to go steady. I was not ready for this yet and we drifted apart. A year later we started dating again and after some wonderful times together, both of us were soon head over heels in love.

I don't believe it happened suddenly but was rather a sudden realization that this was real, true love, the kind my mother had been telling me about. We both knew we were right for each other and it was foolish to waste further time going out on dates with other people.

We decided I would quit work when we were married and we'd start our family in two or three years. Jobs were few, working hours cut very low and money extremely scarce. So during the two years we were engaged, we both worked and saved toward buying furniture and getting a start in a home of our own.

We were both normal human beings, capable of deep passion but we kept ourselves so engrossed in plans for our future that most of the time we were too busy to even let ourselves think about anything else. Other times, when we would be sitting in front of the open fire at my home, with my brothers and sister away and my parents asleep upstairs, it was pretty difficult to resist our sexual desires.

We knew no one would be the wiser—and there were probably those who suspected us of being intimate anyway, knowing how much we meant to each other—but we also knew we were going to live with ourselves for a long time and if we weakened in our ideals, we would know it and find each other tarnished by that weakness.

I was 26 and a virgin when we were joined in holy matrimony on October 10, 1934. We chose a simple church wedding with no attendants. We just wanted to walk up to the altar, be married by candlelight (I love candlelight), and leave for a short automobile trip. Any of our friends who wished, were welcome to come to the church. We were very pleased and humbled to find the church overflowing. We had just $20 to spend on our honeymoon, and had a grand time.

For twenty years we have been happily married. Naturally, it has not been one continuous state of ecstatic bliss. There has been serious illness, financial reverses and worry over business affairs. We have arguments but are such good friends we can argue without malice.

Although we never came to blows, and neither of us ever touched the other in anger, I did stamp my foot once at my husband in our early years of marriage. To this day, he laughs about the time I stamped my foot "like a mean nanny goat." Neither of us remembers why I got so angry.

Underneath, there has always been the deep bond of belonging to each other. We've taken our troubles to each other and worked them out together. Although we are very fond of our families, we have never considered them before each other.

I have never been sorry in my

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choice of "the man." We still enjoy each other in every way. In animated conversations or periods of silence, each intuitively senses what the other prefers. We prefer our vacations together although there have been times when this could not be arranged. Our finest vacations have been with our two children, for to us the complete family on vacation is tops in enjoyment.

We are very proud of our son and daughter. We do not dictate to them what they must and must not do but try to instill in them the Christian principles of living with other people, trying at all times to be a good example of what we teach.

MY HUSBAND has not slumped into a dull, careless middle age nor am I a frowsy old dame no man would look at twice. Our sex life is far from over. In fact, it has improved and ripened until we now wonder how we could have thought it so complete in our early years of marriage.

My husband is handsome and while I am not beautiful, I have a good figure (not without effort), and wear clothes well. Neither of us is blind to the charms of other men and women. My husband says, "Of course, I look at other women. When I stop looking, someone will be patting my face with a shovel." I am complimented. He looks them all over and still likes what he sees in me.

It is with great humility and gratitude that I give these facts of one woman's life in an honest attempt to show misguided wives and confused youth that there *are* happy marriages. Mine is not an exception.

So much is said about sex today and so little about the other factors that enter into marriage. Of course sex has an important place, but I firmly believe that unselfish love and the faithful observance of the basic Christian principles of everyday living are far more important.

Where there is this love and respect of another, any obstacle in the intimate life of a couple can be corrected together. The purpose of marriage is not sex but a sincere desire on the part of a male and female to make a home. Sexual completion is the wonderful reward where man and wife sincerely love, cherish and care for each other down through the years.

While I am not a recognized authority, I would like to offer my guide to successful marriage:

Carefully choose your mate. Be very sure he is the kind of person you prefer to be near the rest of your life. Never even entertain the thought that if you don't like marriage, you can get out of it. Pick the right man to start with and then make up your mind your marriage is going to last no matter what happens.

Keep your sense of humor. If you haven't one, cultivate one. Many an argument has ended abruptly with a good laugh. Always look for the humor in a situation, but be serious about serious matters. And never, never, never be funny at the expense of your husband.

Do as many things together as possible. If you are congenial, in a few years you won't want to do many things apart. Take your vacations together whenever possible: but never stand in the way of your husband if he wants to go someplace

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where you cannot or do not care to go.

Choose a double rather than twin beds. Be as mysterious and have as much privacy as you desire in dressing, undressing and grooming, but always share the same bed. Sex is not the consideration here. I firmly believe there is a psychological oneness about sharing the same bed and many a tiny grievance vanishes in that last embrace.

Take a genuine interest in what interests your husband. Study enough about his work or his hobby so that you can understand his problems and be of help to him, if only as an intelligent listener.

Keep up your appearance. Do the best you can with the good points given you. Pick becoming clothes, keep clean, and, particularly, dress for your husband. I have no patience with women who outdo themselves getting ready to go somewhere, yet in the privacy of their homes slouch back into curlers, unsightly housedresses, run-over shoes and shapeless night clothes. How can they expect a man to be blind to such unattractiveness? If a woman tries to keep attractive, most husbands will unconsciously try, too.

Forget about reforming your husband. Would you like it if he set out to reform you? In true marriage you give each other helpful criticism when needed and lavish praise when deserved. By the honest effort of helping and making each other happy, both are unconsciously reformed into better persons.

Work at your marriage. Never relax and take it for granted. That is why men stray. Keep yourself so interesting, your home so attractive, your children so well-cared for, your love and respect for your husband so evident, that there can be no question that he comes first in your life.

Finally, if you do not find a man whom you know will be of first importance in your life, don't get married. For you have not yet met the man right for you. Keep yourself for the right man and when you find him, and he finds you, cling to each other and never let go!

As Represented— and Misrepresented

SIGN IN A neat feminine hand on the door of a ladies' apparel shop: "Am having coffee and doughnuts across the street. Won't you come over and join me?" —*Phoenix Flame*

NEWSPAPER AD OF AN enterprising automobile dealer: Going Out of Business. All Cars Guaranteed. —EDYTHE PORPA

A SHOP IN Mexico City catches the eye with this window sign: Texan Spoken Here. —ETHEL CLARK BICKEL

AN OREGON dress shop slipped up mightily when it advertised: Maternity Fashions for the Modern Miss. —MRS. JAMES H. HALL

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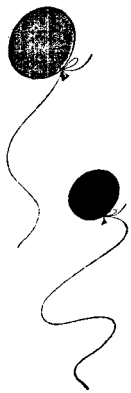
The Little Things



A SMALL NEGRO BOY stood watching the balloon man at the county fair. Suddenly, a red balloon broke loose and soared upward until it could scarcely be seen. So many people were attracted by the incident that the vendor thought it might be good business to let another go. So he slipped the string of a bright yellow balloon and, later, a white one.

The little boy stood there, as if waiting for something. Finally, he asked, "Mister, if you sent the black one up, would it go as high as the others?"

The balloon man, with an understanding smile, released the black balloon as he said, "Sonny, it isn't the color—it's the stuff inside that makes it rise."

—LYLE D. FLYNN in *Quot*

FOR HER MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY, a certain Midwestern eight-year-old came up with a most practical greeting card. Hand-lettered in red crayon, it read: "Happy birthday—good for 10 dishwashings." Below were 10 squares with the direction: "Please check as used." —*Tempo*

A GROUP OF GIs quartered in a bombed-out German village at the end of World War II pitched in to help clear away rubble and repair shattered homes. The biggest job was the church.

Slowly they patched up the roof and ruined walls. Finally, they put together the shattered fragments of the statue of Christ.

They did a wonderful job. The statue looked like new when they replaced it on its pedestal. Just one thing was missing: the statue had no hands.

Unable to find the marble hands, the GIs wrote this line on the pedestal: "I have no other hands than yours." —*Liguorian*

AN INGENIOUS EXCHANGE PLAN for baby sitting in operation at Levittown, New York, permits Jewish and Christian parents to attend their respective religious services. Under this plan a Christian family baby sits on Friday nights for a Jewish family wishing to attend services. The Jewish family returns the favor Sunday mornings. —*Pastor's Journal*

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In a frail, light craft, "Cal" Rodgers accomplished one of the greatest exploits in the history of flight

First Plane Across the U. S. A.

by Tom Mahoney

The white-winged Wright E-X biplane stood poised on the infield at the Sheepshead Bay Racetrack on Long Island, ready to attempt one of the greatest exploits in the history of powered flight. It was a frail thing, with a wing spread of 32 feet. It weighed under 600 pounds and was powered by a 25 m.p.h. motor.

While 2,000 aviation enthusiasts milled around the aeroplane, a girl christened it with a bottle of purple soda pop. Then "Cal" Rodgers, the tall handsome pilot, thrust a letter from the Mayor of New York to the Mayor of San Francisco into his pocket, kissed his wife, accepted a four-leaf clover that had been picked on the field and took his seat in the plane.

There were no instruments to consult, no safety strap to buckle. He simply grasped the two controlling sticks that operated the warping systems and rudders, clamped a cigar between his teeth and shouted, "Stand back or somebody will be killed!"

The crowd made way as the twin propellers behind him, operated by motorcycle chains, began to whirl faster and faster. The flimsy craft moved forward, its wheels bumping over the uneven ground, the tail skid making a ripple in the grass.

The airman gunned the motor, eased the stick toward him. The bumping ceased. He was in the air, skimming upward over the high fence surrounding the racetrack.

Getting his bearings, which was easy, for he was sitting out there with nothing to impede his view for 180 degrees of the horizon, he headed along the coastline for Coney Island.

The odds were all against him, Cal Rodgers knew. Nothing like this had ever been attempted before. Another plane was already winging

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eastward from San Francisco six days ahead of him. Still another had taken off from Governor's Island in New York Harbor three days ago, heading west. But the 32-year-old airman only clenched the cigar more firmly in his teeth.

Calbraith Perry Rodgers was a worthy descendant of brave men. His father, an Army captain, had been killed in Arizona fighting Indians. His great-grandfather, Commodore Perry, had opened Japan to the world; a granduncle, another Commodore Perry, had hoisted the famous flag marked, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

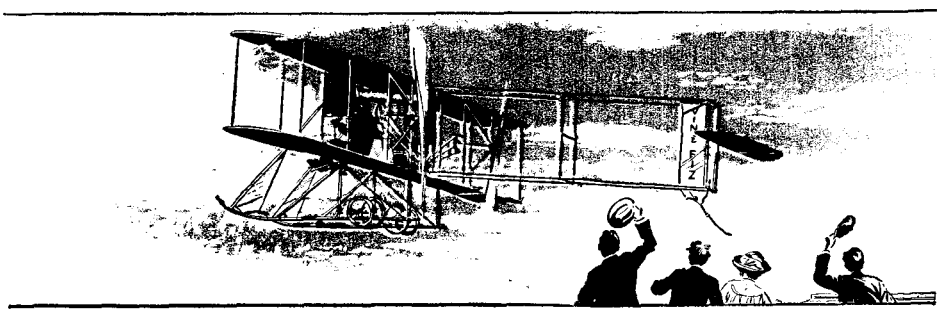
Young Cal Rodgers—6 feet 4, 142 pounds—also aspired to the Navy but was rejected at Annapolis. Medical examiners found him deaf in one ear, as the result of scarlet fever. He played football at Columbia, then became a motorcycle and automobile race driver. When his cousin, Lieut. John Rodgers of the Navy, was sent to Dayton that summer of 1911 to learn flying from the Wright brothers, Cal went along.

After only 90 minutes of instruction, he bought a Wright biplane and, with a cigar in his teeth, began to fly. He won $11,000 in prizes at an aviation meet in Chicago and there met J. Ogden Armour, the packer, who was launching a now-forgotten grape soda pop called Vin Fiz. As a publicity stunt for this product, Armour agreed to back Rodgers in an effort to win the biggest aviation prize then unclaimed.

This was $50,000 offered by William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, for the first flight across the country. There were neither airways nor airports then, and the record cross-country flight was only 1,155 miles. Hearst placed no limit on stops, but the trip had to be made in 30 days and be completed by October 10th, 1911, one year after he had made the offer.

Rodgers contracted to supply and keep in repair a plane and call it the "Vin Fiz Flyer." The packer agreed to pay Rodgers $4 for every mile flown and to send along a special three-car railroad train consisting of a baggage car, a Pullman and a combination diner-observation car.

Quarters were provided for Rodgers, his wife, mother, manager and three mechanics; and space for



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his automobile, spare plane parts and even a towing truck to haul the plane out of ditches was arranged. The Wright brothers loaned their best mechanic. The plane cost Rodgers $5,000 and, except for wheels as well as skids in the landing gear, looked much like earlier Wright planes.

Crowds watched in awe as the frail craft circled gracefully over Coney Island. Rodgers dropped leaflets advertising Vin Fiz, then followed the Brooklyn shoreline northward.

All traffic stopped and the streets below were black with people as he soared over Lower Manhattan, made a wide skidding turn and then headed straight across the Hudson for Jersey City.

There, in the Erie railroad yards, he picked up the whitewashed ties between the rails to guide him toward Paterson, New Jersey, where thousands had waited hours in the parks for a glimpse of him as he passed over.

At 6:06 that evening of September 17, 1911, Cal Rodgers landed successfully in a field at Middletown, New York, having flown the 80 miles from Sheepshead Bay in just under two hours.

Trouble began next day. Rodgers and his cigar took off at 6:15 A.M. The biplane rose slowly, brushed a willow tree, crumpled like a bird with a broken wing and crashed into a big hickory.

Rodgers was pulled out of the plane, still clenching his cigar. He had escaped with only scratches in a drop of 35 feet. But the plane was smashed so badly that it was September 21 before he could resume flight.

It was some comfort to learn that his rivals, Robert Fowler at Colfax, California, and James Ward at Corning, New York, had had mishaps and were out of the race. But only 20 days now remained in which to win the big prize!

DANGEROUS YEARS FOR MARRIED WOMEN

A frank discussion of the particular years in a woman's life—and in the life of her husband—when she must be alert to safeguard her marriage. Next month in Coronet.

Rodgers made fast time to Hancock where engine trouble finally forced him down in a potato field. Repairs made, he flew on to Binghamton. While he was telephoning, souvenir hunters stole some parts of the plane.

He made Elmira safely, but the next day serious knocks developed in the motor and the craft began to lose altitude. The airman was horrified to notice that the magneto plugs were slipping out. Holding them in place with one hand, he made a forced landing in a swamp near Canisteo.

Mechanics repaired the plane that night, but the spark plugs began to act up the next afternoon and Rodgers came down in a meadow east of Jamestown for more repairs. "I want to fly another hundred miles before sunset," he said.

But, in taking off, he crashed into a barbed wire fence. Though Rodgers escaped without a scratch, it took three days to repair the plane.

Pennsylvania and Ohio were kinder. He flew 204 miles in one day and landed by moonlight in a pasture near Kent, Ohio. Despite

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thunderstorms and high winds, he reached Huntington, Indiana, on October 1. But a gust of wind swept him into an adjoining wheatfield, damaging both wings and smashing the wheels as he took off. Repairs required three days.

Thousands cheered him as he landed the Vin Fiz Flyer in Chicago's Grant Park with just three days remaining, then continued south that afternoon to near Joliet. On he went to Peoria, Springfield.

Rodgers at this point had flown farther than any man in the world and was hopeful that the $50,000 Hearst offer would be prolonged. But over the wires on October 10, the last day, came word that there would be no extension.

Undaunted, he flew on. Lapse of the prize made crowds larger and their cheers louder. There was something that gripped the imagination in a man struggling for glory against wind, distance, mechanical failure and even fate itself.

At Kansas City, instead of pushing westward to Colorado where the mountains frightened him, Rodgers elected to follow the Katy Railroad southward to Texas and the Southern Pacific to the West. The terrain was easier and this route offered him the chance to make money at fairs.

He also went informally into the air-mail business. His young wife began to sell postcards of him to the crowds at 25 cents each. He would fly them to his next stop and then place them in the regular mail. As the Armour money barely paid the huge repair bills, such measures were necessary.

On the 17th, he flew into Texas over Denison which signaled his approach by blowing whistles and sounding the fire alarm. At Austin he circled the 311-foot dome of the Texas State Capitol successfully. But 18 miles away, at 1,500 feet, an intake valve blew out and broke a hole throught the piston, making it necessary for the aviator to shut off his engine. He volplaned two miles and landed in a cornfield.

ON HE WENT over Texas, at one point logging an incredible 133 miles in 125 minutes; on into New Mexico and over the Continental Divide into Arizona. After several stops in the desert, he flew his battered, much-repaired plane into California from Stovall.

At 4,000 feet above the Salton Sea, the connecting rod broke in two and punctured the crankcase, driving steel splinters into Rodgers' right arm. Oil splattered over his goggles, blinding him. But the airman coolly ripped them off and with his left hand brought the plane down in the desert almost without a scratch.

On Sunday, November 5, Rodgers landed in triumph before 20,000 cheering enthusiasts in Tournament Park at Pasadena. Pretty girls gave him chrysanthemums. An American flag was draped about him and he was driven around the racetrack in an automobile.

Offered anything he wanted at the Hotel Maryland that night, Rodgers said, "I'd like a glass of milk."

The Vin Fiz people called the trip completed at this point and dismissed the special train. But Rodgers wanted to fly the few remaining miles to the Pacific and

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was offered a purse to do so at Long Beach the following Sunday.

Soon after he took off, he noticed gasoline spattering on the motor and landed near East Lake Park to discover a fuel line broken. Rodgers spent an hour fixing it and again took to the air. Fifteen minutes later, something else went wrong and the biplane crashed into a marsh a mile south of Compton. Rodgers hit the ground head first, suffered a brain concussion, a smashed ankle and gasoline burns.

Finally, on December 10, the now crippled airman tied his crutches to the battered plane and again took off for the Pacific. With the inevitable cigar in his mouth, he landed gracefully 16 minutes later near American and Pine Avenues in Long Beach, and local notables formally rolled the wheels of the Vin Fiz Flyer into the water.

In 84 days Rodgers had flown 4,321 miles, more than three times that of any other flyer. He had actually been in the air only 82 hours and 14 minutes and had averaged a little over 53 miles an hour. His longest single hop had been 133 miles.

"I expect to see the time when we shall be carrying passengers in flying machines from New York to the Pacific Coast in three days," he told newsmen.

This was prophetic but Rodgers did not live to see it. On April 3, 1912, while stunting for another Sunday crowd at Long Beach, the airman dipped close to a roller coaster, dived under a flock of sea gulls, then at a height of 200 feet, his plane seemed to go out of control. The plane plunged into knee-deep water almost at the exact spot where he had ended his transcontinental trip. His neck was broken and Calbraith Perry Rodgers died on the way to the hospital.

His historic Vin Fiz Flyer was repaired and later presented to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., where it is proudly displayed today along with the original Wright airplane, the Spirit of St. Louis in which Charles Lindbergh flew to Paris, and the Winnie Mae in which Wiley Post circled the globe.

Maidenly Concept

EVERY MONDAY MORNING a certain lady's maid, while hanging out the washing, would pause to lean on the back fence and chat with much hilarity with the maid of the house from next door.

One morning the lady noticed that as the girls hung out their washings there was no chatting, no laughter. Puzzled, she asked later if there had been a quarrel.

"No, ma'am, no quarrel," the maid replied. "We just aren't speaking any more!"

"But I thought you two were bosom friends."

"No, ma'am, not regular bosom friends," the maid explained carefully. "You see, we've laughed together, but we haven't cried together yet."

—WILLIAM L. STIDGER, *Sermon Stories of Faith and Hope* (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press)

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WHEN MY FATHER leased the land on which Rockefeller Center now stands, his plan was to create in Manhattan a center for music and art. He had become interested, in the 1920s, in a movement to build a new home for the Metropolitan Opera Company, and the land was leased from Columbia University shortly before the start of the Depression.

The Depression forced the change of many plans made in the prosperous 1920s, among them plans for the new Opera House. In the light of events, it was necessary to take a practical approach to this development. After careful study, the decision was made to build a business and entertainment center in the heart of fast-growing mid-Manhattan.

Eleven buildings were constructed from 1931 to 1937, and three more were added by 1940, completing the concept of Rockefeller Center. The 33-story Esso Building was constructed after

From a basement 68 feet down, the RCA Building rises 70 floors high. Every day of the year, tourists visit the observation deck, 850 feet up, for the 50-mile view.

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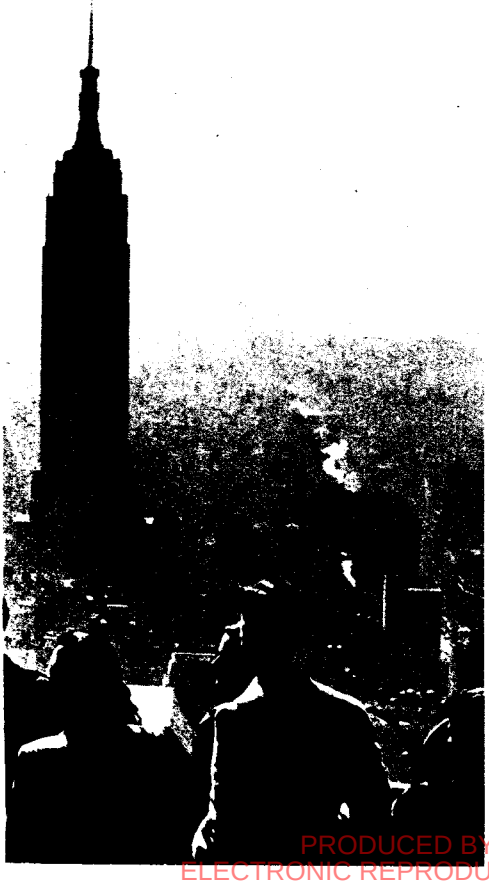
World War II. Meanwhile, midtown has continued to grow. Additional buildings, some conforming with Rockefeller Center's architectural style, have been erected. Rockefeller Center itself has undergone some changes, notably the recent decision to replace the Center Theater with a business structure to meet demand for space in this international center of industry, trade, communications and entertainment.

Rockefeller Center houses the offices of 900 tenant firms, repre-

Spectacular floral displays, ten each year—over 7,000 Easter lilies, Holland tulips—mark the Promenade off Fifth Avenue that is called "The Channel."



senting a cross section of national and international business, along with numerous activities representative of the nation's and the world's varied interests.

The increasing role of the United States in world affairs has found expression in many ways in the development of the Center and the activities housed here. Above the Lower Plaza fly the 60 United Nations flags, symbolizing the growth of New York as a world center, which in turn reflects the enhanced role of our nation in world affairs.

Rockefeller Center means many things to many people. To members of my family, and to me, it substantiates my father's belief that a gleam of the future can be realized—if one is persistent and practical in pursuit of it.

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Leon Leonidoff uses a miniature Music Hall to plan his stage extravaganzas, seen by nearly 8,000,000 people each year.

At headquarters of National Broadcasting Company, 35 studios beam top radio and TV network shows across the U. S.

Every day, sidewalk crowds flock to watch NBC's Dave Garroway broadcast his morning television show from the RCA Exhibition Hall in Rockefeller Center.

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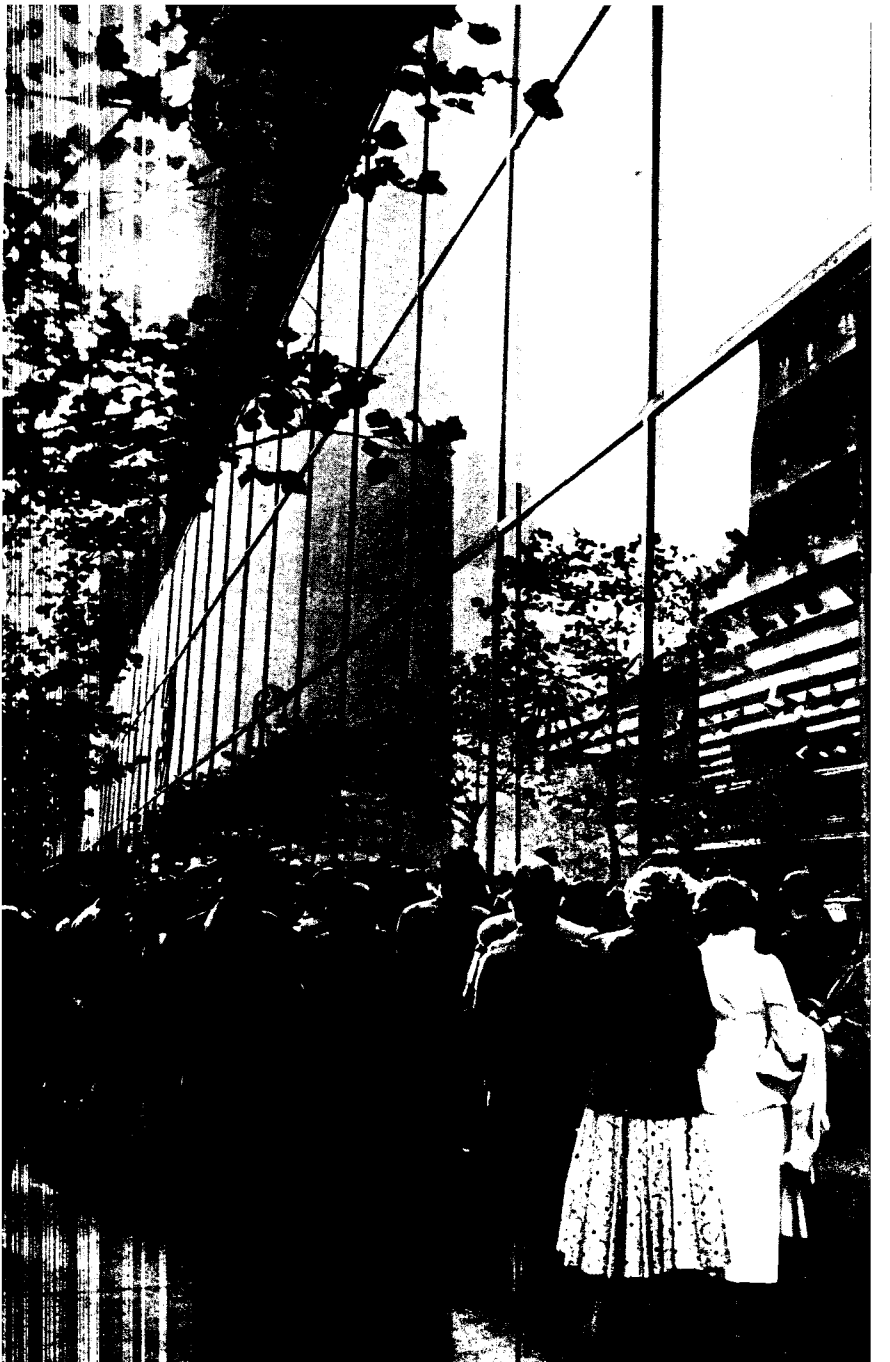

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Famed tenants: Eddie Rickenbacker, president of Eastern Air Lines and *(right)* David Sarnoff, head of RCA.

Rockefeller Center's tenants occupy almost 6,000,000 square feet of floor space, pay an average annual rent of $4.50 per square foot. Together, they comprise a diverse and distinguished roster: 21 foreign consulates, plus such homegrown names as U. S. Steel, Standard Oil, American Cyanamid and U. S. Rubber.

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Laurance S. Rockefeller, chairman of the board of Rockefeller Center (left), and G. S. Eyssell, president, check plans.

In the Associated Press Building in Radio City, the AP's central administrative and editorial offices assemble a major portion of the nearly 1,000,000 words that flow over its wires each day. In the press room (below), General Manager Frank J. Starzel oversees the largest cooperative news-gathering service in the world.

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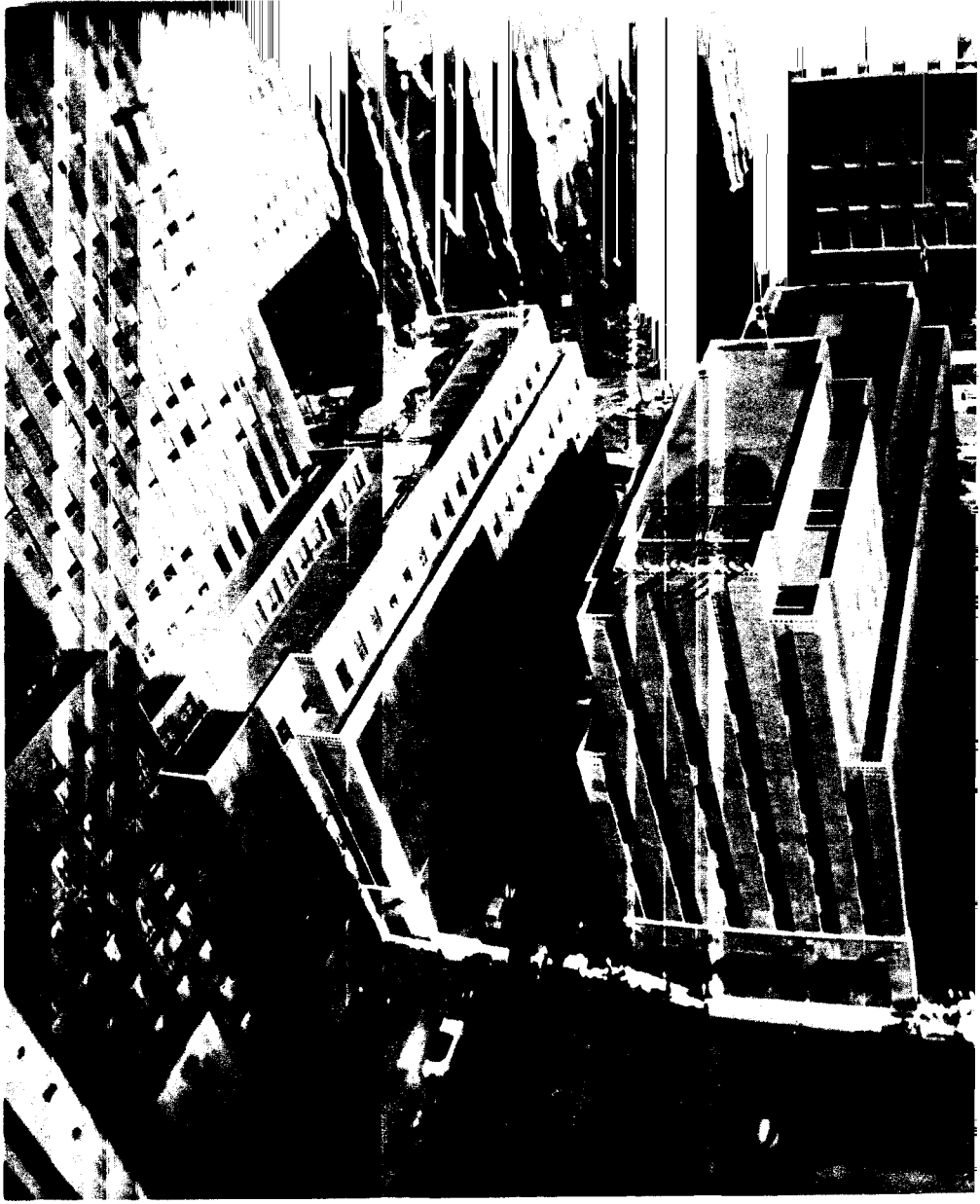

You are looking east over The Channel, flanked by the British Empire Building and La Maison Francaise. This land and all the build-

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ings on it—worth five times their $74,000,000 construction cost in the depressed 1930s—revert to the owner, Columbia University, in 2069.

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At Coty's: perfume at $100 the bottle.

At Dunhill's: tobacco an

The fashionable shops lining the Promenade and Rockefeller Plaza—one of New York's few privately-owned streets—and the Center side of Fifth Avenue specialize in the personal touch. Dunhill's, for example, keeps 100 wooden humidors, each one labelled with the name of a particular customer.

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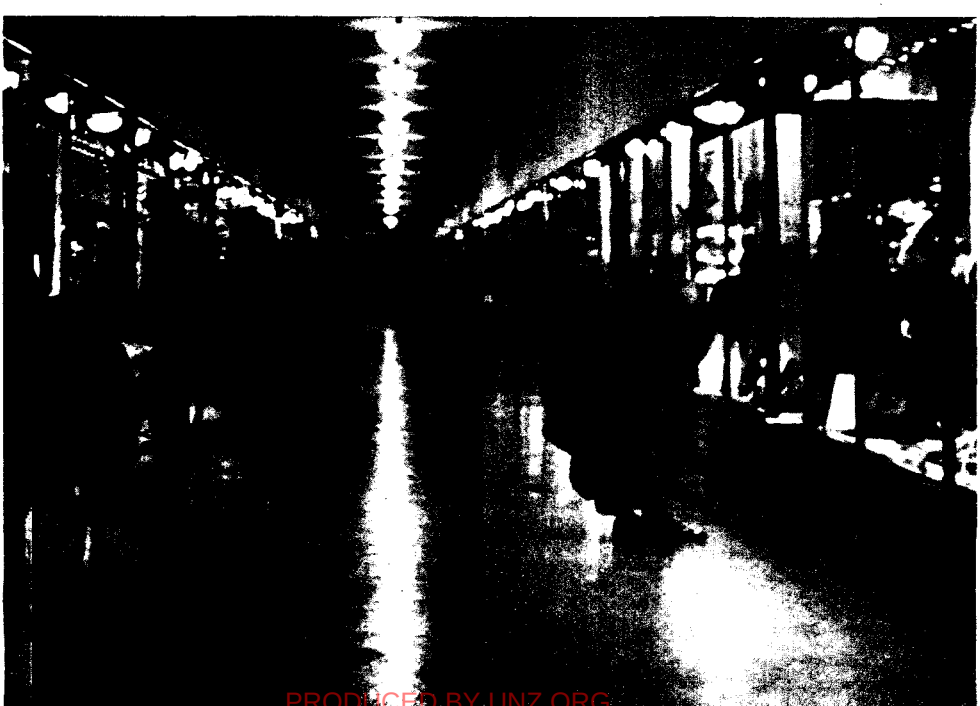
Pet Shop: a talking Mynah bird.

There are two things you cannot buy in Rockefeller Center: a bottle of liquor and a lodging for the night. Hundreds of shops sell practically everything else, from rhumba records to rare rugs. Ten miles of underground corridors serve to link all 14 buildings.



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The chic Rainbow Room would have been called the Stratosphere Room had not John D. Rockefeller, Jr., insisted, quite correctly, "It's not *that* high up!"

Holland House, a replica of a Dutch colonial tavern, attracts a cosmopolitan clientele. House specialty: Rysttafel, an Indonesian dish with 26 ingredients.

The Lower Plaza: outdoor café in summer; rink for 100,000 skaters each winter.

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If you ever decide to go abroad, you are likely to wind up in this office: the Passport Agency of the Department of State.

From Amharic to Zulu, this is the place where you can learn to speak one, or 1,000, languages: the famed Berlitz School.

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For show folks, Reilly's is the finest of all gymnasiums. Patrons: Ivay Withers *(above)*, Jinx Falkenburg *(daily)*, Bob Hope and Betty Furness.

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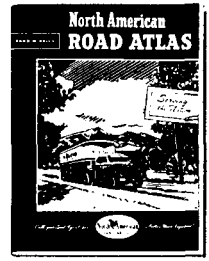
It's So EASY TO MOVE

by North American Van Lines

Wives tell us it's so easy to sit back during a "North American" move and watch company-trained experts do *all* the work. When you use NAVL's complete service, even the tedious job of packing is done for you. Service also includes unpacking and placement of furniture at your new home. For a safe, easy move — call your local North American agent.

FREE ROAD ATLAS

Your local NAVL agent will present you with this FREE Road Atlas when he estimates your move.



Look for this dependable trade-mark under "Movers" in your 'phone book

North American VAN LINES, Inc.
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GRIN AND SHARE IT

DURING the course of the lesson, I asked my Sunday School class of small children who Saint Mark was. Receiving no answer, I tried them with Matthew. When there was still no answer, I said, "Surely someone knows who Peter is."

A hand went up at the back of the room, and a shy little voice said, "Please, teacher, I fink he was a wabbit." —E. M. SHALES

AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN approached a desk at the UN and requested help in translating a foreign phrase her fiancé in Germany had included in a letter. The clerk looked at the phrase, "evol dna sessik," studied it a moment, then smiled and returned it with the suggestion: "Read it backwards." —WARREN HAMMER

MY HUSBAND AND I were proudly airing our first-born in his carriage one day, when a small boy decided to join us. After he had taken a good look at the baby, he asked, "How old is he?"

We replied that he was six weeks old.

He then inquired, "How long have you had him?" —C. M. KALCOW

WHILE A MEMBER of the Oklahoma Territorial Council, the blind and now-deceased Senator, Thomas Gore, found himself engaged in a heated debate with a local elder statesman. The argument grew so bitter that, finally, the infuriated old-timer cried: "I cannot afford to take advantage of the gentleman's handicap. I realize he is blind. But if he were on an equality with me in that respect, I'd thrash him soundly!"

Young Gore rose to reply, and a hush fell over the chamber. "Mr. Chairman," he said in a low voice, "will someone just *blindfold* the gentleman. . . ." —LEE JACKSON in *Your Life*

ONE DAY while posing for his portrait, William Jennings Bryan was asked by the artist: "Mr. Bryan, why do you wear your hair over your ears?"

"When I was courting Mrs. Bryan, she objected to the way my ears stood out," Bryan explained. "To please her, I let my hair grow to cover them."

"But that was many years ago," the artist said. "Don't you think you should have your hair cut now?"

"Why?" asked Bryan, with genuine astonishment. "The romance is still going on." —*Woodmen of the World*

A LABORITE defending the government's socialized medicine program in Parliament, cried: "In Britain today, we have more babies than ever before! And why?"

Before he could answer, a Tory shouted: "Private enterprise!"

—HAROLD HELFER

(Continued on page 96)

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Strong men tremble in their boots, women know they will never be quite safe again ...when a musketeer appears. Now Lenthéric captures all the spirit and dash of an age when men were men, and women knew it! This is your chance to be dashing ...daring...debonaire. You too can be a musketeer! **MUSKETEERS** by Lenthéric ...After Shave Lotion, Cologne, Deodorant, and Gift Presentations... from $2.50 (PLUS TAX)

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A BOY WHO usually earned extra money mowing lawns was slow about leaving home one Saturday morning. Asked why, he explained, "Oh, I'm waitin' till they get started. I get most of my work from people who are already halfway through." —*Birmingham News Magazine*

DURING A RECENT registration for summer sessions at a Western college, a young married coed asked permission to take several class hours over the maximum study schedule allowed in an effort to graduate at the end of the summer.

"And just who," her faculty advisor asked, in questioning the advisability of this, "are you trying to beat?"

"The stork," was the coed's reply.

—M. A. HEINEMANN

WHEN IT CAME TIME for little Archie to enter school, his doting mother approached the teacher with the request that her sensitive child never be punished. The teacher protested that such procedure would not be to the boy's advantage. The mother pondered this for a moment, then came up with a suggestion.

"If Archie misbehaves," she said, "just slap the boy next to him. That will frighten him."

—MARGARET AHEARN in *The Sign*

COMEDIAN JAN MURRAY was stopped by a New Jersey motorcycle cop for speeding. Jan tried to involve the officer in a bit of chitchat. But he went right ahead noting Jan's license number, make of car and other pertinent facts for making out a ticket. Jan thought he could pierce the cop's tough shell when he spied a photo of a baby glued to the gas tank.

"Officer," he said tenderly, "that's a beautiful child you have—looks just like you."

"It should," the cop grunted as he wrote out a ticket. "It *was* me—when I was two years old!"

—HY GARDNER
Champagne Before Breakfast (Henry Holt & Co.)

A DINING CAR PATRON on an Eastern railroad received his luncheon check, which amounted to $1.45, and gave the waiter two one-dollar bills. In due time, the waiter brought his change—a fifty-cent piece and a nickel. After a moment's hesitation, the annoyed patron picked up the half-dollar, leaving the nickel on the plate. To his surprise, the waiter grinned broadly.

"That's all right, sir," he said. "I just gambled and lost."

—ERNEST WRIGHT in *The Sign*

A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR chanced upon a number of copies of a long, incredibly dull book. Since they were cheap, he bought them and mailed them anonymously to his friends, with the comment: "I think you will find this book interesting, especially the references to you, which I hope you will not consider offensive." —SOPHIA LEVITZ

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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"NOT A SINGLE CAVITY IN OVER 2 YEARS"

. . . thanks to ANTIZYME, the first continuous-action anti-enzyme tooth paste.

"MY DENTIST FOUND FIVE OR SIX NEW CAVITIES EACH YEAR. IN THE PAST TWO YEARS, SINCE USING ANTIZYME, I HAVEN'T DEVELOPED A SINGLE NEW CAVITY."

Mrs. Jean Warneke
Grayslake, Illinois

Actual, Living proof . . . this new completely different kind of tooth paste, really stopped decay! Here's why . . .

1. No other type of tooth paste—regular, ammoniated or chlorophyll—protects for more than ½ hour.

2. Now, Antizyme, the first continuous-action anti-enzyme tooth paste, *stops the major cause of tooth decay 12 to 24 hours* with each brushing. This has been proved for 9 out of every 10 people tested.

. . . stops the major cause of tooth decay every minute of every day

Reducing Bacteria Is Not the Answer

Dentists have known for years that most tooth decay is started by a kind of chain reaction:

Bacteria (always present in everybody's mouth) produce enzymes that attack sugars and can form the decay acids that cause cavities.

No tooth paste can get rid of bacteria in your mouth for more than a few minutes at a time.

Only at the "enzyme" stage has it been proven that you can stop this chain reaction that so often leads to tooth decay.

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Aside from promoting worthy causes, the ladies are wizards at raising money

Don't Laugh at Women's Clubs!

by LUCILLE BRITT

THERE IS A POPULAR misconception (avowed by a large portion of the population, both male and female) that whenever a group of women get their heads together and form a club, it is a den of gossip-mongers or social-climbers or empty-headed reformers making much ado about nothing.

There's sure to be a big howl when mother announces she's joining a club. What comes to mind? Mother will change into a typical cartoon clubwoman, matronly stout and slightly addlepated, lovable but completely confused.

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

How many times have you heard a facsimile of the story of the fat and fiftyish Mrs. Cox who, after years of club book reviews and author lectures (none of which she ever quite understood but thought charming), finally decides to buy a book because: "My husband bought me the darlingest reading lamp." Or she's buying a set of encyclopedia: "Something in tulip green or perhaps a nice thrush brown."

Maybe you, too, chortle about women who accost hard-working men on the street to collect coins for a sanctuary to protect the blue-nosed tree toad, or old locomotives that have lost their toot. There may be such women. But I have never met them. The clubwomen I know are not so typed.

They come from all walks of life; their education ranges from grade school to college; their careers vary from lady executives to baby sitters. Some may be fiftyish grandmothers with time on their hands; others are mothers of growing children and, public opinion to the contrary, they don't neglect their families.

There are well over 14,000,000 clubwomen in the U. S. and I'm prepared to back them to the hilt. I did just the other day.

"You women make me laugh with your clubs," said a professional man who should have known better. "When you find even a good cause, like providing new cribs for the hospital, you attach so much

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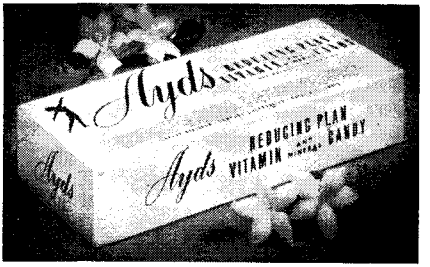
Doctors say: "AYDS proved *best* and *safest* in tests on 240 overweight women and men!" In fact, they tested four different reducing methods: bulk wafers, lozenges, pills—and AYDS. Those who took AYDS lost almost *twice as many pounds* as the second best product! AYDS users had no nervousness, sleeplessness, or unpleasant "side effects"! *Ask your physician to send for this Medical Report, to* CAMPANA, Box MD, *Batavia, Illinois.*



Social Day of the "Morgan Twins" includes **Ayds** *Plan*

Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt
Lady Thelma Morgan Furness

DOCTORS agree with society's "Morgan Twins" — Mrs. Vanderbilt and Lady Furness. Mrs. Vanderbilt said before they recently sailed for Europe, "AYDS has helped *me* keep my figure trim. I tell all my friends to reduce the AYDS way!" Lady Furness added, "You feel so fit when taking AYDS. Eat all you want, yet grow thin!"

Prominent women and men, too, who *know* follow the AYDS Plan because it requires no dieting or drugs! It's a *natural* way to lose weight. Taken before meals as directed, this delicious low-calorie *candy*—enriched with vitamins and minerals—curbs your craving for rich foods. "Hunger pangs" don't bother *you!* You *automatically* eat less and lose weight naturally and safely. You're slimmer in a few weeks! Many AYDS users—with their *first* box—report losing up to ten pounds or more. At all department and drug stores.

Take **Ayds**... *first aid for overweight!*

Ayds is Guaranteed to help you lose weight, too, with your very first box ($2.98), or every penny will be refunded.

A Campana Product

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importance to it you'd think you were setting up a radar network across the country."

That's a typical comment. His statement is right—it's the interpretation that's wrong.

At some time during the years since a Female Club was first flourishing in New York City in 1735, women discovered the adaptability of the old proverb: "In union there is strength!" In a union of women, a club, there is strength and purpose, sympathy and compassion, determination and understanding, and above all, there is a healthy enthusiasm.

Women wholeheartedly throw themselves into everything they do and it matters not whether the project is of far-reaching importance or of small local consequence—the welfare of a million people or of one small neglected child—the enthusiasm, the determination to help, is the same.

While men talk big, women get together and do something. This was illustrated in West Frankfort, Illinois, a city invaded each year by such swarms of mosquitoes that outdoor evenings were all but abandoned by the residents. When city-wide control measures proved unsuccessful, the West Frankfort Junior Woman's Club decided it was time for them to do something. They went to work.

It didn't take the women long to get to the root of the problem. They found that the mosquitoes came from outlying breeding places. Under the direction of Mrs. Ernest Brock, the Juniors drafted a proposal for a tax to be levied for spraying and oiling all present and potential breeding water. They went to the registered voters with petitions and used the petitions to obtain a hearing before the county judge. The judge approved the club's proposal and set a date for an election.

But the women didn't stop with this major victory. They made very sure that everyone understood the mosquito abatement program, and then voted for it.

On election day, they served as "judges" at polling places, provided rides for those who needed them to vote, tended babies and served luncheons. Those efforts were worthwhile, too. The residents of West Frankfort now relax on their lawns, porches and patios in comfort—thanks to the woman's club in their city.

A WOMAN'S CLUB is something like a bumble bee. The engineer with his slide rule can prove on paper that it is impossible for the awkward-looking bumble bee to fly. But the bee is stupid—he doesn't know any better than to go ahead and fly anyway.

"Fools rush in . . ." a cynic might say, but it doesn't work out that way. Let's go back to Bunker Hill. A cornerstone for the monument commemorating the famous battle was laid by Lafayette in 1825. The statue was still not completed 15 years later. The men found it impossible to raise funds to finish the project.

Sarah Josepha Hale, lady editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, aroused the women of the nation. Uniting, they sewed and knitted, quilted, pickled and canned, and then held a gigantic American Fair in Boston, netting $30,000 to finish the monument. It

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A Help for "Highway Hypnosis"

Tiny tablet reduces driving hazards for millions

BACK IN 1933, Americans by the thousands were deserting the dustbowl and heading west to California. Many more wanted to go if they could find a way.

Hugh T. Harrison . . . . a business that grew by 'accidents'.

Out in San Francisco, young Hugh T. Harrison owned a small used-car business. Why, he pondered, couldn't he hire people to drive cars from the Midwest to San Francisco, in exchange for their expenses?

The idea took hold. But in the first few weeks, Harrison's venture was struck with disaster. Hurtling across the long straight stretches of Texas, one of the drivers dozed at the wheel and lost control. The car was completely wrecked.

Another wreck like the first. Then another! In desperation, Harrison appealed to a friend—a pharmacist. There *must* be a product, he felt, that would help these drivers fight off the "highway hypnosis" which stole over them as the endless miles rolled by.

No such product existed. But the pharmacist compounded a prescription, tested it. It worked! The basic ingredient was caffeine, the wake-up element in coffee. It gave drivers the necessary "lift" without a subsequent let-down.

Harrison recognized the possibilities of such a product. It would be a godsend to drivers everywhere! So he gave up his used-car business and began selling his discovery under the name of "NoDoz Awakeners."

So thanks to an accident and an idea, you can now get a lift without a letdown—through a tiny tablet, safe as coffee.

Today, millions of Americans fight fatigue safely, with NoDoz Awakeners... while driving and on the job. NoDoz Awakeners brush away those "three o'clock cobwebs" that steal productive hours.

Fight Fatigue Safely

SAFE AS COFFEE

Keep a package of NoDoz handy in your car, purse or pocket.

15 TABLETS	35¢
FAMILY PACK 35 TABLETS	69¢
ECONOMY SIZE 60 TABLETS	98¢

SOLD EVERYWHERE

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"Today's clubwomen are efficiently planning—and carrying out—programs of action. . . ."

was finally dedicated in 1843.

Women have been doing the impossible ever since—it just takes a little longer. Long adept at eating out of an empty pocketbook, they are wizards at raising money. A group can start with pennies and dimes, a rummage sale, bazaar, fashion show, luncheon, or just willing hands—and end up with thousands of dollars.

The Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs, made up of individual clubs throughout the state, raised $10,000 for an Artmobile that travels their state with art treasures. In Vermont, Bookmobiles are on the road, thanks to fund-raising women. And while we're talking about books, it is a little-known fact that the American Library Association credits women's clubs with establishing or sponsoring 85 per cent of all libraries in America today.

The residents of Elyria, Ohio, will remember the fund-raising activities of the Elyria Women's Club last year, sparked by Lt. Ray Brenner, stationed in Korea, and led by Mrs. Richard S. Horan. They'll remember the publicity in the *Chronicle-Telegram*, the telephone calls, the posters, collection boxes and tag days. The people of war-ravaged Korea remember the women's efforts, too—the food, the clothing—with joy and gratitude.

"What makes me laugh is a club of women pretending to be interested in the small print in their constitution when they're really more concerned with the large print in bargain ads and gossip columns." This remark is echoed repeatedly, but it isn't true in North Carolina.

Actually, it was the small print (and the small figures) in the state budget for mental institutions that concerned clubwomen there. The Caswell Training School, an institution for the mentally retarded, age six to seventy-six, operated for almost 40 years with no recreational facilities. The institution was a horrible example of neglect, dilapidation and unsanitation, housing forgotten children.

Then the North Carolina Junior Women's Clubs, spearheaded by Mrs. Robert T. Bridges, stepped into the picture and things started to happen. The women appeared before a meeting of the budget advisory committee, lobbied at the State Legislature and the State Hospital Board of Control. They appealed to the governor, stumped the state lecturing, and pleading for money, supplies and help. They organized the state-wide group, "Parents and Friends of the Mentally Retarded," and swamped state officials with letters and telegrams.

These determined clubwomen made history in North Carolina and brought about a whole new attitude in the state toward the mentally retarded. The bond issue for which they worked so unstintingly provided $50,000,000 for mental institutions.

In Dayton, Ohio, conditions weren't quite so depressing at the start, but 50 young mothers of the Alpha Chapter of the Child Study

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Those new hats are showing a lot of hair.

So isn't it time Helene Curtis LANOLIN DISCOVERY showed up on your dressing table? Here's a hair dressing that does in minutes what creams and lotions can never do. It sprays *100% pure lanolin* all through your hair! A few strokes of your brush bring up highlights you never knew were there. Your hair actually seems shades brighter . . . *and it's natural.*

LANOLIN DISCOVERY contains no "filler oils" to grease your hair, never weighs down your wave. Just makes it smooth, shining, easy to manage.

Try LANOLIN DISCOVERY. We'll bet you get more compliments on your hair than you do on your hats!

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Helene Curtis **lanolin discovery***

The fabulous spray-on hair dressing

*TRADEMARK

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Club of Dayton, found that hundreds of mentally deficient children were placed in the Columbus State School, then forgotten.

These women might have been too busy with their own families to bother about other children, but they weren't. Each member of this club has "adopted" one child in the school. They send gifts to the children on special occasions and visit them regularly. In addition, the women have provided the school with a much-needed television set and are now tackling the big jobs of refurnishing and redecorating.

THERE ARE SOME purely social clubs, it is true. You might call them aimless, since they willingly admit: "We never do anything but enjoy ourselves and each other." But in contrast, it is impossible to mention all the worthwhile activities of women's clubs—the scholarships for student nurses and teachers, the plows for India, summer camps for the underprivileged, gardens for mental patients, tot-lots, missionary work and dogwood trees, not to forget the wonderful work that is being done by the Y.W.C.A., the Daughters of the American Revolution, Hadassah, the League of Women Voters of the U.S., the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs and thousands of other organizations.

But the general idea is here. These women are not making much ado about nothing. They are the handmaidens of democracy in the community.

"OK, but who does all the work?" a husband asks. "My wife makes no bones about her need for a club, and I go along with her. I get talked into writing speeches, balancing books (and making up the deficit when they don't), buying tickets, and I shudder to think of all the amateur theatricals!"

It is true that women's clubs need help, at times. You can't just mint money, you have to earn it. The women call upon husbands and the community at large to cooperate, and everyone receives his money's worth. That is more than I can say for some of those bizarre dinners that the wives of lodge members are forced to attend.

The point is, the smallest fraction of the time consumed in doing club work actually falls on the shoulders of capable husbands. The number of woman-hours willingly given to a project is often tremendous.

In Memphis, the Le Bonheur Club, originally just a small sewing circle, raised $500,000 in two weeks toward the construction of the Le Bonheur Children's Hospital. But that isn't the whole story. These same women have supplemented the staff of the hospital with more than 20,000 hours of volunteer service annually.

The members of the Dunbar, West Virginia, Junior Woman's Club give their time to sponsoring a Youth Canteen each week on Tuesday evenings for Dunbar students, from the seventh to twelfth grades. The average attendance is 350 students and each member of the club gives ten hours a month to the canteen, counting it a small contribution toward keeping youngsters off the streets and out of trouble.

Another example of following through on resolutions is taking place throughout the country right now as the General Federation of

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Women's Clubs, totaling more than 15,000 clubs, crusades against crime comic books. In cities, towns and villages everywhere, women's clubs are marching (figuratively) on city councils and town boards, urging legislation to ban the sale of undesirable comics. They are making surveys of local newsstands, enlisting cooperation of dealers and passing out seals of approval for clean comics and the stores that sell them.

They are deluging Washington with letters and telegrams. They are collecting comic books by exchanging one good children's book for every ten comics brought in, and they are not going to let up until they have won a nationwide victory by beginning in their own home towns.

Houston, Texas, is just one example of the effectiveness of determined women. Through the efforts of the Federated Women's Club, in cooperation with church groups and the press, an ordinance has been passed and fines of up to $200 a day are now imposed for each banned comic displayed or sold.

These are not the Suffragettes of an earlier decade, knocking off policemen's hats, waving banners and playing follow the leader. These women plan programs of action. They appoint committees to investigate possibilities and problems and suggest courses to follow. They discuss proposals, vote on them, and then carry out the will of the majority in a businesslike, democratic way.

Of course, women are not always building charity funds or fighting a cause. They are educating themselves, developing new hobbies and skills, and learning how to keep a healthy, clean, efficient house at home. These women are happier, more contented, and *better* wives, mothers and sweethearts, thanks to their club activities.

I'm glad there are women's clubs in my community. They are making it, our country, and the world, a better place to live.

A Problem in Adoption

THEY ADOPTED Mike when he was a baby and shortly thereafter had two boys of their own. As the boys grew old enough to understand the situation their mother became concerned that Mike would become sensitive about not being her own child. To avoid this, she began a campaign to convince Mike that he was as much loved and wanted as her own two sons, telling him adopted children could be sure they were wanted because they were specially chosen while parents must take their own children as they came.

One day she noticed Mike sitting watching the other two boys at play, a very sad look on his face. Hurrying over, she sat down beside the child and said in an anxious voice, "Mike, you look unhappy. What's the matter with you today?"

"Oh, I'm not unhappy, Mother," he assured her. "I was thinking about poor Pat and Jerry. You couldn't pick them out." He paused thoughtfully and then said with deep concern, "But you *are* glad you have them, too, aren't you?"

—EDITH L. JOHNSON

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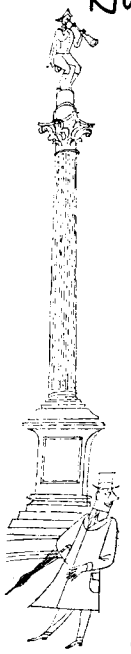
Around the World with Formfit

Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal, or

How to Pick a Dilly in London



Who'd think my unassuming wiles
Would roll 'em in the British Isles!

But there I was in London town,
Just turning traffic upside-down;

Where everything, normally, stops for tea,
It stopped, all right . . . for li'l' ol' *me!*

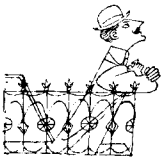
On seeing me, a foreign *power*,
Big Ben forgot to strike the hour.

The blokes around Trafalgar Square?
Oi 'ad 'em in a fog, for fair!

A Baron viewed me through a spyglass,
And one old Dukey dropped his eyeglass.

(They said, by diplomatic courier,
That *I* made Merrie England *merrier!)*

The reason? Rumor has it so:
My Formfit outfit,* don't y'know!



* SKIPPIES PANTIES • LIFE BRA

skippies

BY FORMFIT

Fran wears a slimming-and-smoothing Skippies Pantie Girdle #843 . . . of nylon elastic net, with satin elastic front and back panels. Small, Medium, Large. $7.50. Her bra is the new Life Romance #566. 32A to 38C. $2.00. Slightly higher in Canada.

THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, TORONTO

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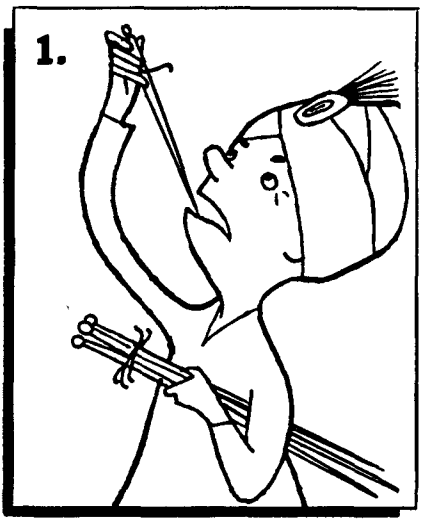
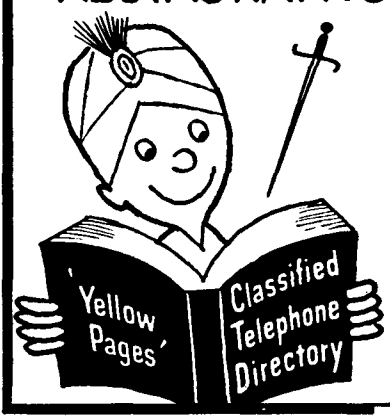
1.



2. RESTAURANTS



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Olympic Winner

by JOHN DERR

IT WAS A SAD DAY for ancient Greece when the Olympic Games came to an end. The truce which forbade conflict during the "holy moon" of these greatest of athletic competitions was broken, and the Olympic flame extinguished.

Fifteen hundred years later, the Games were revived, so that the young men and women of all nations might compete for the betterment of international understanding through sport.

Athens, appropriately, was chosen as the site for the first modern Olympiad. And on April 18, 1896, athletes from all over the world stood at attention as an Olympic hymn was sung and a Greek runner bore into the great new marble Stadium the torch to rekindle the Olympic flame.

But as the Games progressed, dissensions broke out and the atmosphere became more and more unfriendly. When the host nation failed to win a single event and an American finally defeated the Greek champion in the discus throw, the spectators appeared openly hostile.

But a dedicated Greek peasant named Spiridon Loues was to change all this. As the sun rose on the last morning of the Games, he ended 24 hours of fasting and prayer, ate sparingly and retired for a few hours.

Later in the day the crowning event of the Olympiad—the classic Marathon—got under way over the route that glorious Pheidippides had raced nearly 2,000 years before with his message of victory over the Persians, and dropped dead at the end.

Thousands lined the historic course to cheer the runners, and more thousands jammed the Stadium where the finish would take place. Among them was the Crown Prince of Greece, tense as his humblest subject.

A muttering rumble of sound rolled slowly toward the Stadium. Then a hysterical cry went up: "Here he comes!"

Beneath the tall, arched colonnades a lone figure appeared, wearing the colors of Greece. It was Spiridon Loues. Men and women wept unashamed as, with the two Greek royal princes running at his side to welcome him, he traversed the cindered oval and breasted the tape.

International jealousies were forgotten in the overwhelmingly popular victory of Spiridon Loues, and the world today can look forward to the winning of more glory and goodwill in the 16th Olympiad in 1956.

John Derr can be heard on Sports Roundup, CBS Radio, Saturdays at 6:15 P.M. EDST and Sundays, 10:30 P.M. EDST.

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What Makes an FBI Agent?

by J. EDGAR HOOVER, *Director,*
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
U. S. Department of Justice

THAT QUESTION is asked of me more often than any other. What *does* make an FBI Agent? Is there a certain type of man whom we can approach and say, "You would make a good FBI Agent"?

The answer, of course, is no. Agents are the result of a process in which experience and the ability to judge men are key elements. Indeed, initial selection is the most important step in the lengthy process which eventually culminates in the assignment of the FBI's gold badge and credentials.

When, in 1924, Attorney General Harlan Fiske Stone gave me the responsibility of directing ac-

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tivities of the then Bureau of Investigation, the chief qualification for appointment of Special Agents was political endorsement. We promptly set up new standards.

I had a very definite opinion of what I hoped the FBI could be, as well as the caliber of men we needed. The FBI is the investigative branch of the Department of Justice. It is its duty to gather facts which fully establish the innocence of the innocent and the guilt of the guilty. The FBI does not make policy; it is a service agency designed to carry out the responsibilities imposed upon it by legislative and executive directive.

To fulfill this responsibility, its work must be prepared impartially and judicially. That is why we have vigorously resisted any move which would cause the FBI to evaluate the facts it gathers. Likewise, we do not make recommendations or initiate prosecutions. That is the function of other authorities. What the facts prove is not for our determination —it never has been and never will be, so long as I am privileged to serve as its Director.

The opinions I had in 1924 have not changed. The future of the FBI then and now must depend upon the ability and character of those who make up our force. The basic and essential qualifications are education, personality, experience, good character, self-reliance and a capacity to grow.

The men of the FBI come from all sections of the country and from every walk of life. They are the products of great universities and small colleges. They are rugged individualists who have the ability to engage in teamwork, because the FBI is basically a "we" organization. But there is no so-called prototype.

They must not attract attention to themselves either by physical appearance or dress; yet they must be physically fit and make a good appearance.

We must have basically sound material to work with at the outset. Education, intelligence, adaptability, concentration and efficiency mean little except as they rest upon the solid foundation of moral principle. Only men firmly and conscientiously dedicated to truth are capable of complete impartiality.

Do we find men with the qualities we seek? The answer is to be seen in the reactions of agents under pressure of a crisis. No agent can know when the most routine action may suddenly command all his reserves of strength and courage.

Witness what began as an ordinary procedure—two agents spotting and following a fugitive's automobile on a six-lane West Coast highway. When the fugitive halted at an obstruction, one agent stepped from the car, identified himself and told the man he was under arrest. The fugitive put his car in gear and shot away. Simultaneously, the agent lunged halfway through the window in an attempt to seize the ignition keys.

The car was now traveling at high speed and the cursing fugitive, ignoring orders to halt, swerved it in an effort to rake the agent against roadside poles. The curb saved the agent from being crushed and as the fugitive savagely kicked him in the face the car hurtled the curb and crashed into an office.

When, moments later, the second

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agent arrived, he found the fugitive, apparently uninjured, emerging from the wreckage—and the agent, bleeding from wounds on hands, face and head, crawling toward the man in a final courageous attempt to seize him. The badly injured agent forced himself to his feet to help subdue the fugitive, who meanwhile was struggling with the second agent.

Cases in the past indicate the need for men who are versatile, like the agent investigating thefts involving a loss to shippers of $250,000. Posing as a buyer of stolen goods, he gained the confidence of one of the thieves, who described the thefts in glowing terms and led the agent to accomplices. One of the suspects, realizing he was taking a lot for granted, remarked, "You know, Joe, I don't know you."

The alert agent replied, "Well, I don't know you either."

"For all I know, you may be a Federal man."

"Do I look like a Federal man?" the agent countered.

"No, I guess you don't," the suspect agreed.

"Maybe I'm the one who's sticking his neck out," the agent continued. "For all I know, you may be working for the cops."

This apparently satisfied the suspect who, with accomplices, was subsequently taken into custody.

The sound character of the men who form the FBI is revealed in varied ways. I recall the case of the fugitive living with his wife and year-old daughter in a shack near a Minnesota lake. Special Agents arrested the man and placed him in jail, but they did not consider their job complete until they had arranged to have neighbors assume care of the little girl and taken the wife to a hospital in the nick of time for the birth of a son.

Let us look at an FBI agent

G-men learn to shoot quick, and straight.

whose typical background reflects the many things which went into making him one.

They come from all the States of the Union, but this agent, John Doe, was born in a pleasant Colorado town. Both affection and discipline marked his childhood. Games of cops and robbers, of baseball and football, mingled with homework and household chores. The father who took his son fishing on Saturday took him to church on Sunday.

While studying law, Doe became interested in FBI work and deter-

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mined to get his degree and become a Special Agent. He submitted his application to the FBI before he graduated.

The agent who interviewed John Doe at the FBI Field Office took note of his dress, appearance and bearing. The questions he asked were succinct. When the interview was concluded, John had received no indication as to whether or not he had been found acceptable material.

And, if the oral interview assessed his personality, the written examination was a test of his mental alertness. When he heard from friends that "the FBI has been asking questions about you," he became hopeful. He was elated when the letter advising of his probationary appointment arrived, but the climax came when he joined the group of 33 new agents and stood to take his oath.

Each man gave his name and the place from which he came—the accents indicating a cross-section of America. There were among them a radio announcer, a former member of a State Legislature, an officer who had survived the Bataan death march.

New Agent John Doe found that the training designed to mold these men into efficient investigators was rigorous and intensive. There were lectures on defensive tactics and firearms, raid training and long hours of study at night. None of it was unexpected.

John Doe had known from the moment he entered the FBI that he might be sent anywhere at any time; but there were compensations. When he left for his first office of assignment, he experienced the comradeship of the service. When his household furnishings were delayed, families of agents whom he had never seen before loaned cots, bedding, pots and pans. He saw the

Lessons on handling firearms in group raids are a vital part of training agents.

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same comradely spirit expressed again and again.

His neighbors know that he is an FBI agent. They have found him to be friendly and pleasant. They know that he works long hours. When a bank is robbed or a truck is hijacked and he phones his wife not to expect him for dinner, they have little ways of letting him know they are grateful that he is on the job.

And when they read occasional items alleging brutality or improper conduct on the part of an FBI agent, those neighbors, knowing John and his wife, are skeptical. That skepticism is well founded. Each allegation reflecting upon an FBI representative is fully investigated to determine the facts.

Again and again the allegations crumble before the truth. A typical incident occurred in connection with the arrest of a group of Communist Party leaders charged with violating the Smith Act. One woman was arrested at 8:04 in the morning. Later in the day she made a statement to the press that our agents had broken down her door; that she was in a nightgown; and that the agents had not allowed her to make arrangements for someone to take care of her children.

This was not true. The agents had not broken down the door. They had properly identified themselves and informed the woman they had a warrant for her arrest. The agents were about to force the door when it was opened for them.

Secondly, the woman was in a nightgown, but she failed to mention that she was wearing a robe over it or that our agents had with them a female employee to serve as a matron. Thirdly, the agents had made prior arrangements for a neighbor to care for the woman's children.

It is a source of deep satisfaction to me that the FBI has become a true career service. This is emphasized, I believe, in the fact that 2,440—or 39 per cent of the Special Agents—on December 31, 1954, had served for a period of ten years or longer. Of these, 202 had served in excess of 20 years—and 20 years ago there were only 598 agents in the entire Bureau!

What makes an FBI man? It has been my privilege to spend my life in association with men whose dedicated effort has given new meaning to old words. I can only say: they are men who strive to live up to the standards demanded by their duty, their country and their God.

Professorial Solution

A WELL-KNOWN Oxford professor refused to recognize the existence of feminine students. Always he began his lectures to mixed classes by saying, "Gentlemen." Even when the ratio of girls to boys was ten to one, he still insisted on "Gentlemen."

One day, he found 59 girls and a single young man in his class. The professor surveyed the situation, clenched his teeth, adjusted his glasses and began: "Sir!"

—WARREN HAMMER

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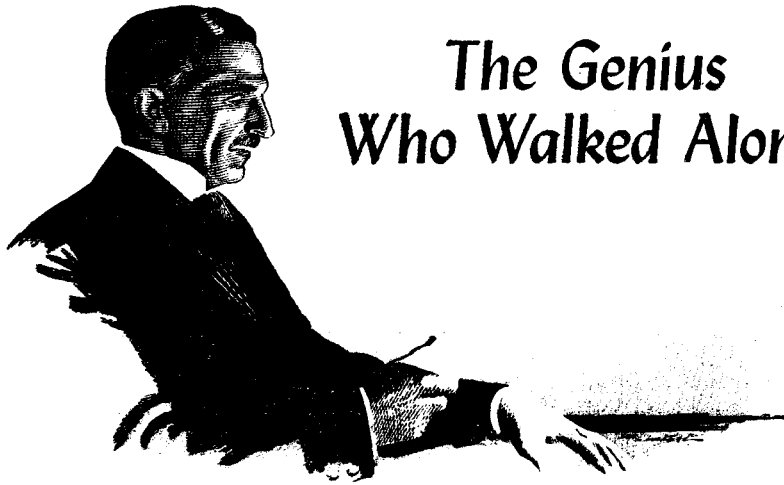

The Genius Who Walked Alone

by ALFRED H. SINKS

Nikola Tesla was a great inventor—and also a prophet without honor

COUNTER-ESPIONAGE WHEELS started turning early on the morning of January 8, 1943. Anxious FBI agents slipped into a room in the Hotel New Yorker where, late the night before, a chambermaid had discovered the body of Nikola Tesla, dead at 86, regarded by many as the greatest scientific genius of his time.

For years, Tesla had been making scientific predictions so fantastic as to be literally out of this world. Of late he had been working—or so he said—on revolutionary new weapons powerful enough to annihilate armies at a single blow.

There was only one Tesla, and the story might—incredible as it sounded—be true. The old man's safe might hold these secrets, and the Government could not risk the chance of enemy spies getting there first.

Half hoping to find something which would bring a sudden and decisive end to World War II, the G-men broke open the dead man's strong box. If anything of importance was discovered, it has never been revealed.

Yet, their quick action was justified, for you could never be sure about Tesla, one of the strangest men who ever lived. Most people took him with a grain of salt, yet no serious scientist dared shrug away his claims as nonsense. Not after Thomas Edison tried it and Tesla proved him wrong.

The world's leading physicists and electrical engineers had to eat crow back in the 1880s when Tesla solved a problem they had thought impossible. That one accomplishment—the invention of a practical alternating-current motor and gen-

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erator—put Tesla's name among the world's top scientists.

From his invention sprang the industrial age we live in. For without his alternating current, there would be no mass production of automobiles, aircraft, refrigerators; no great water-power dams and generating plants, no Diesel-electric trains; we could not have developed radio, television or atomic power.

The *direct* current that Edison worked with—a feeble force at best—could be sent no more than a couple of miles over wires because its power leaked away rapidly into the surrounding atmosphere. Lights near the power station might burn brightly and steadily, but those near the end of the line would be dim and fluttering.

Tesla sold his basic alternating-current patents in 1888, for a million dollars down. By 1895, the first great power station at Niagara Falls had been built, and by the end of 1896, two more Tesla generators had been installed. Within a few years, the pace of life over half the earth had changed from a crawl to a fast gallop—and it has been gathering speed ever since.

THE MAN WHO, by his brilliant idea of a "rotating magnetic field," changed the face of the earth and the living habits of the human race was a Croat, born in 1857 in Smiljan, a village in what is now Yugoslavia, but was then part of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

When he was about six, Nikola Tesla's father, the village priest, was transferred to a larger parish in the city of Gospic. There, the lad grew up and perfected his earliest "inventions." Of these, his favorite was an "engine" powered by 16 June bugs, harnessed in sets of four to spokes which radiated from the drive shaft.

Nikola was a frail lad, often ill; and he nearly went blind from too much reading. He read everything he could get his hands on, not only science but also religion, philosophy, history, literature. By the time he finished high school, he was fluent in French, German and Italian, as well as his native Serbo-Croat.

He got his schooling—the best his doting family could afford—at Gospic, Carlstadt, Gratz, the University of Prague and, finally, at Budapest. At the University, he saw his first electric motor, a new type direct-current affair whose brushes and commutators sent out showers of crackling blue sparks.

"If we got rid of those brushes and commutators, with all that noise and loss of energy, we'd have a much better motor," Nikola told his professor. "Perhaps it might be done with an alternating current."

"Nonsense!" barked the professor. "An alternating current would never run anything. You're not the brilliant student I thought you were. Forget it!"

But Tesla could not forget. The teacher's ridicule only stamped the idea indelibly on his brain. It became an obsession, a passion—how to make an alternating current drive a motor. In every idle moment, wherever he went, he wrestled with this problem.

Tesla's mind had an unusual twist. Almost from infancy, he had been able to see things in his mind's eye so vividly—and in such minute detail—that often he had trouble telling the real from the imaginary.

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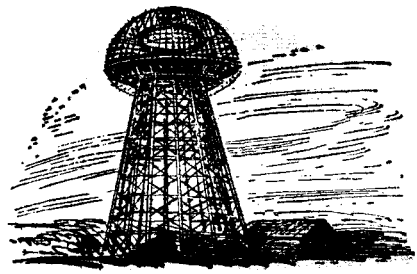

Where the average engineer or inventor would reach instinctively for drawing board, paper and pencil, Tesla would simply switch on that uncanny magic lantern inside his brain. He would fix a mental image there. Then he would alter this detail or that, discard one plan, try another, without ever putting a line on paper.

Years later—from these mental images alone—he could give his workmen exact instructions on how to build each part of a new device, though it was unlike anything ever seen before.

Thus, needing no drafting room and few laboratory conveniences to work on an idea, Tesla could use every spare minute that he had to test and revise his theory of alternating current.

His first real job was manager of a newly organized telephone company in Budapest. But telephone circuits were dull stuff compared with the challenge of that one big idea. He moved to Paris where he became a kind of general trouble-shooter for the Continental Edison Company.

His brain was still chipping away at his big problem, but the trouble was, he couldn't share it with trained men who might have helped him work it out. For whenever he mentioned alternating current to an electrical engineer, the man would look at him as though he were crazy.

But then came the moment when he knew he had solved it. He was walking with a friend in the Bois de Boulogne. Suddenly, he stopped short and began jabbing with his cane at some invisible object in the air.

"See—it works!" he shouted. "It is the rotating magnetic field which causes the armature to turn. It pulls the magnets around with it, causing the shaft to revolve. As I oscillate this switch, causing the current to flow first in one direction, then the other . . ."

Never mind what his friend thought. Tesla had the answer.

At the office, his colleagues scoffed or looked blank. But the manager, listening to the outpourings of scientific jargon, suddenly thought of his boss back in the United States. If there *were* some truth in what the Croat said, surely the famous electrical wizard would be smart enough to see it.

So he gave Tesla a letter of introduction to Thomas Edison and urged him to try his luck in America. Thus, Tesla, now 27, arrived in New York. He was handsome, over six-feet-two, with a distinguished head and deep-set blue eyes. His Slavic face was broad across the cheekbones, his dark hair thick, his chin sharply pointed. Of worldly goods, he had the clothes on his back, four cents in cash, the letter to Edison, and the idea which was to change the world.

Edison thought less than nothing of the idea. It seemed so preposterous that he wouldn't even listen

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—and, of course, Tesla had no drawings with which to try to convince him. But Edison gave him a job, for he had excellent training as an engineer and Edison needed trained men.

Busy with routine electrical work, Tesla waited nearly three years for a chance to turn his mental image into an actual motor he could show to others. In 1887, he was able to borrow enough money to start his own laboratory, and the following year the alternating-current motor and generator were practical realities—on a laboratory scale—though much practical engineering would still be needed to fit them to commercial use.

George Westinghouse, another inventor, was the first to see their value. He bought the patents and gave Tesla a job as engineer in his Pittsburgh factory.

But Tesla couldn't get along with the other Westinghouse engineers. From his standpoint, the alternating-current job was done. Even "schoolboys" could now iron out the few remaining kinks. Meantime, his brain had started to hatch even bigger dreams. He went back to his laboratory in New York.

"Be alone—" he once told a science writer. "That's the secret of invention. Be alone—that's where great ideas are born."

ALONE HE WAS. In the years that followed, Tesla had many admiring acquaintances, but seldom a friend. After his mother, no woman ever entered his personal life.

His manner toward others was cordial but reserved, distant. His words were as if uttered by some god, sitting on an Olympus high above the rest of humanity. Backed by his fame, those words made a tremendous impression.

He lectured at every scientific center in this country and in all the important capitals abroad. Things which, as yet, existed only inside that amazing brain of his were so real to him, he made them real to his listeners.

He described radar and radio broadcasting and even television. He advocated electro-therapy. He foresaw a day when man would control nature in every respect—even the weather—when machines of all kinds, and the power to run them, would be so cheap that poverty would vanish from the world.

Without wanting to be, Tesla was a superb actor. After listening to him and seeing his wonders, audiences were ready to believe nearly anything.

Tesla reasoned that you could sell electric power cheap if you could do away with the millions of poles and insulators, the millions of tons of copper wire used to transmit it from place to place. He thought he knew how to do it—and J. P. Morgan backed him with $300,000.

On Long Island, Tesla built a huge power plant with a 154-foot steel-ribbed tower topped by an enormous mushroom-shaped copper dome. From this dome he planned to bombard the earth's crust with millions of volts of electric energy. The power so added to the earth's permanent charge could be drained off at some other point—*any* point—on the earth's surface. Thus, it would be possible for electric power to be sent anywhere without conduits, poles or wires. Or so he thought, until he tried it.

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In November, 1898, Tesla announced that he could abolish war.

The inventor had designed a small, inexpensive, radio-controlled boat which, through its supposed ability to destroy the biggest battleships, would make great navies useless. Not many years later, he was talking of another super-weapon: a "death ray" which would annihilate whole armies.

Yet Tesla never suspected that the real super-weapon of the future would come from atomic fission. For Einstein's basic notion which led to smashing the atom, he had only ridicule. Alone in his middle age, he had fallen out of step with the world's great thinker.

Not all Tesla's later inventions were fantastic. Some, like his induction coils and oscillators, and pioneer work on "tuned" electrical circuits, were highly important.

Though he never succeeded in transmitting power without wires on a big scale, he *did* prove that a single wire is enough. And some of his brilliant prophecies inspired the more plodding scientists to work out the practical problems of induction heating, radio-telephone, radar and many other electronic marvels of today.

But as he grew older, he withdrew further and further within himself. His strange prophecies sounded like a voice from another planet. For companionship now, the old man had only his dreams, and they grew stranger with the years. Completely alone at last, a stooped, gaunt figure with thin, silvery hair, he used to slip from his hotel room, buy a bag of birdseed and trudge slowly over to a park where hundreds of pigeons awaited him. These were his friends. They needed him, though the world did not.

When he grew too ill to go out, each day he sent a Western Union messenger to the park. After feeding the birds, the boy was instructed to see if any of them seemed sick. If so, he was to bring them back to Tesla's room where the inventor would nurse them gently back to health.

Perhaps this sad little labor of love showed that the man who changed the world had, at last, discovered a great truth. Perhaps he knew now that the greatest power for good lies not in lonely thought but in a human heart pulsating—like his own "tuned circuits"—in tune with the hearts of his fellowmen. Or did he ever know? You could never be sure about Tesla.

Winnie Wit

IN THE EARLY 1920s, when Winston Churchill had offended both his own supporters and the political opposition, the late George Bernard Shaw wrote him: "I enclose two vouchers for the première of my new play, for yourself and a friend—if any."

Back to the playwright promptly came the theater checks with this note from "Winnie": "I regret I am unable to attend the première of your new play. Please send me two vouchers for the second performance —if any."

—MICKLING in (*Cleveland News*)

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BRAIN RAYS:

by TRIS COFFIN

A NEW AND FRIGHTENING weapon to enslave the minds of the free world is being tested by Soviet Russia and Communist China. It has a double blade—the evil use of both hypnotism and telepathy. Under its spell, men are driven to commit acts against their moral, spiritual and patriotic code.

Headquarters for this new war on the mind—or "tele-control"—is the Presidium of the Soviet Academy of Sciences in Moscow. Here, the ancient mysticism of the Orient is being blended with modern science to produce a maddening compulsion.

This is no weird tale from the realm of fiction. Sobering data in the State and Defense Department at Washington show that these techniques have been tested on prisoners of war, missionaries, and key officials of the West. The U. S. Government's concern is revealed in a prophetic statement by the State Department's expert on Soviet psychology, Dr. Alan Little, which says:

"It is the duty of the Soviet scientist to explore techniques of conditioning . . . and perfect them to such a point that any focus of resistance in the individual can be

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RUSSIA'S SECRET WEAPON?

If perfected, this new threat could enslave the minds of the free world

overwhelmed within his nerve cells. When, and if, the Soviets discover such techniques of control, they can test them in the territories under Communist domination, perfecting methods of application in preparation for further conquests. Thus, spiritual control would follow readily upon subversion and political control of an area."

First warning of the new techniques was a letter sent in 1949 to President Truman from Havana, Cuba. The author, obviously a cultured and disciplined mind, identified himself as a refugee German doctor, one of several German scientists who had created a new force. They could hypnotize individuals *across long distances*, without physical contact, and force them to obey commands.

The doctor had received word from Germany that two of his fellow experimenters had been kidnapped by the Russians. There was no time to lose, he pleaded: the Reds would use this terrible weapon to dominate the minds of Western officials and to deliver important defectors to Communism. He asked the U.S. to utilize the Germans who

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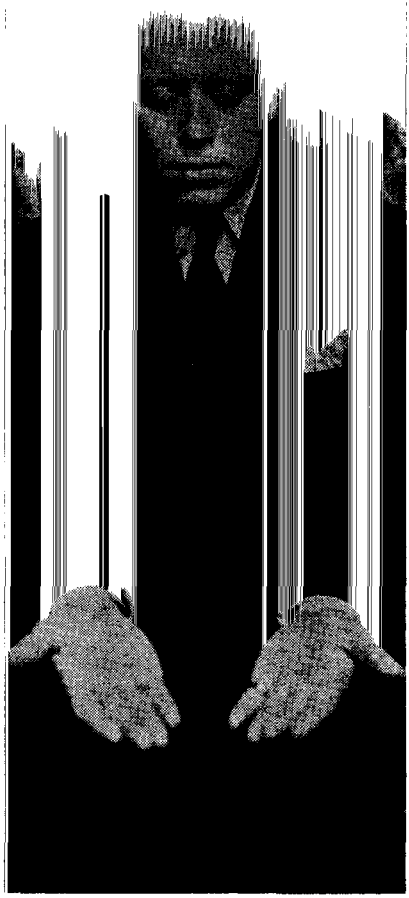

Is spiritualism linked to telepathy?

understood this technique and plan counter-blows.

The letter aroused the curiosity of President Truman, who turned it over to his Intelligence advisor, Admiral Sidney Souers. It passed down the line of American Intelligence officials. Some were fascinated, but the majority called it just another "crackpot scheme."

The next year, 1950, an extraordinary session of the Presidium of the Soviet Academy of Sciences was called, with the approval of Stalin himself. One leading scientist, Anokhim, sounded the keynote: "There is a great deal to be done to apply the methods of conditioned reflexes to solve large-scale problems of higher nervous and psychic activity." Another scientist, S. M. Dobrogaev, asked Communist scientists to "explore the conditions under which a constant stream of stimuli is sent into man's brain, evoking speech reactions and other responses."

The scientists were ordered to pursue the work of two world-famous pre-Communist Russian scholars—Ivan Pavlov, Nobel prize winner noted for his behavior experiments with dogs, and Vladimir Bechterev, the neuro-physiologist, one of the world's greatest authorities on telepathy.

A hint of the success of the Academy campaign was a boast to Robert A. Vogeler, the American business executive, by his Communist questioner in Hungary. The latter said: "If God Himself were sitting in that chair, we would make Him say what we wanted Him to say." (Vogeler himself later "confessed" to spying.)

Communist experiments in mental control were not brought home to official Washington, however, until the early winter of 1951 when the Central Intelligence radio monitoring service in South Korea was startled to hear American voices on Communist propaganda broadcasts.

Identifying themselves by name, address and serial number as captured GIs and officers, the men recounted hair-raising tales of

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American "germ warfare" and "imperialist warmongering." The narrations sounded reasonably plausible, though there was not the slightest truth in them.

Today, more than four years later, the Defense and State Department are ready to admit that Communist "brain-washing" may, in some cases, be post-hypnotic suggestion and telepathic coercion. This conclusion comes from information pieced together from escapees, Allied Intelligence, returned prisoners, and such students of telepathy and psychic behavior as Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University, and Dr. Samuel G. Soal of the University of London.

POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION works in this manner: under Communist technique in prison camps, the victim's resistance is broken down by torture, privation, and weariness, until he is in a semi-coma. This is easily turned into an hypnotic trance. The victim is given orders to carry out when he awakens. Or, he may be instructed to react at a much later date to a post-hypnotic signal. After the victim is released from trance, part of his mind, in effect, is "frozen" until he carries out instructions. The command is carried out automatically, as though the victim were walking and talking in his sleep. One case is that of General Christian de Castries, French defender of Dienbienphu in Indo-China. On his return from four months of Communist captivity, the gaunt, burning-eyed officer made a press statement that sounded like a Communist propaganda broadcast. Even if de Castries believed that the Vietminh were peasants fighting against colonial misrule and had no ties with Moscow, as a trained soldier he would know the value of these words to the enemy.

Telepathy, the transfer of thoughts without physical contact, is one of the great unsolved riddles of science. Controlled experiments have been carried on for years at Oxford, the Sorbonne, the University of Groningen in Holland, the Society for Psychical Research in London, and at such American universities as Harvard, Columbia and Duke. These tests have shown a percentage of success that rules out chance.

Telepathic coercion is the scientific term for long-range hypnotism. It is the transfer from one mind to another, without physical contact, of a compelling order. The sender may be hundreds of miles from the receiver, who suddenly, and for no apparent reason, feels a compulsion he cannot shake off.

Recent studies by Allied Intelligence indicate that at least two different types of "tele-control" are used by the Communists.

The first type is one in which the victim is made to feel a specific fear by telepathy. The fear grows under the power of suggestion until he falls sick of what medical science calls "psychosomatic" illness. This is self-created and has no physical origin.

A second technique of tele-control seems to serve as the trigger for a post-hypnotic command. The victim, under hypnosis, will be told that at a given word or signal he will react according to instructions. The signal could be relayed by telepathy. There are aspects of the

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Faith healing is still another mystery that baffles students of the mind.

notorious defection of Dr. Otto John, director of Internal Security for the West German Government, that fit in with this technique.

A mysterious Soviet agent, Baron Wolfgang von und zu Politz, boasted of his power over Dr. John. He had several known contacts with him and after one such meeting, John's strange behavior was noticeable to all his friends, many of whom he did not even greet.

On the day of his defection to the Communists, following spells of despondency, he seemed to be almost in a trance, as though he was following some order automatically.

Communist use of thought-transference from a distance is confirmed by a famous missionary, Dr. John D. Hayes, 67-year-old Presbyterian clergyman and teacher, born and raised in China as the son of missionaries.

In October, 1951, Dr. Hayes was thrown into jail at Kweiyang, accused of being "the FBI chief spy in southwest China." His trial lasted 75 days. After 40 days, Dr. Hayes' mind was weakened and a "delusion" was imposed on him.

"During the day," he recalls, "my mind was in a fog shrouded by accusations. At night, my mind was refreshed by dreams of home. Then one morning, I awoke with a series of detailed thoughts.

"There were two images in this planted delusion. In one, a fellow missionary whom I will call Don came to me while I was under house arrest and said: 'Hadn't I better get rid of my transmitting radio?'

"This was followed by another clear image, when Don came to my house ten days later and told me: 'Been busy getting rid of that radio. No one is any the wiser.'

"Soon after these scenes were planted in my mind, I was called before the judges. They said they had known about the radio all

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along, but were not inclined to crack down if we both told the truth.

"I told the judge: 'Yes, we did have conversations about the radio. It was all my responsibility. He kept the radio for me.'

"Don was then brought in and I appealed to him: 'You should tell the truth about the radio. If you are frank, they will clear you.'

"Don looked puzzled and said: 'There's something strange about this.' Then he told the court bluntly, 'You know I have no such machine, and never did have!'

"The court was plainly taken aback. I believe that my captors were able to plant thoughts in my mind, but were unsuccessful with Don. This helped destroy their case. And so we were deported instead of executed."

More and more, in Allied capitals, has come the sobering realization that these cases are not isolated but may follow a definite pattern. The American answer to the challenge has been some excited discussion in Washington and a few experiments by private individuals. But the greatest skeptics—the Budget officials—have consistently turned down requests for funds to test psychic powers.

In contrast to this view, Dr. Rhine says: "It would be stupid to close our eyes to the possibility that the Communists are perverting psychic ability to evil ends. They would be disposed in their mechanistic philosophy to scoff at telepathy, but their practical needs may overcome ideological inhibitions.

"If this power can ever be controlled, it could be more destructive than the hydrogen bomb in the hands of selfish men. Yet, there is a curious safeguard in the use of psychic power. The very discovery of it confirms the presence of factors in man that have made religious and moral values. Its scientific demonstration is the best answer there can be to the materialism of Communism."

What might the United States do to strengthen its defenses against telepathic coercion? Dr. Rhine answers: "We need to discover either how to bring psychic ability under conscious control, or to gain mastery of it in some other way. We are now entering that stage of our research at Duke. We must learn more about the conditions under which psychic responses are possible. Some people hear voices in a meaningful way—the warning of a loved one in danger, contact between separated friends. We are working with people who have spontaneous psychic capacity to find out why and when this power breaks out.

"The capacity is voluntary, but unconscious. Whoever gains control of it has a weapon of superior knowledge, and knowledge is power."

If these can be discovered, Dr. Rhine believes they can be used in the defense of the Free World. A genuine telepathist can search the minds of enemy leaders for war plans and strategy. Telepathy might read the secret papers on a man's desk or influence his actions.

Dr. Rhine's greater hope is that knowledge of these powers would be used, not in warfare, but to teach men how to live fuller lives and to turn back the tide of materialism that now floods the world.

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Looking into his own life, a man sets down some basic rules to help his son

A Father's Day Letter

by EUGENE L. NORTON

MY DEAR SON,

There is a possibility I may not be with you on this day, so I am writing to make sure you will know some of the things I would talk over with you, were I present at the moment.

One serious thought I want to emphasize first is that your life will be what you yourself make it. As your father, I can point out mistakes I've made in my own life; but you will have to plot your own course. However, I will outline briefly several things which have impressed me, from experience, as being highly significant.

Learn to concentrate as early in life as possible. Concentration is the ability to keep your thoughts and attention on one fact until you know it thoroughly. It is a habit that must be learned if you are really to succeed. I can't emphasize the importance of this too strongly: it may be the principal message you will get from this letter. It could be the difference between your being a most successful man and an ordinary one.

Learn, early in life, the meaning of discipline. In four short years you may be inducted into the Armed Forces. Self-discipline is much easier to acquire than regimented discipline at the hands of a rough drill-sergeant, and you gain self-respect by so doing.

Stand at the head of your class in English. Do you realize that from the moment you awake till you fall asleep at night, you are thinking, speaking or writing English, and to be successful you must have a real mastery of it? Do not be satisfied to be just good in English, but make up your mind to excel in it, no matter how difficult it may be. And I can outline a very simple way to help you attain this end.

From Monday through Friday of each week of the school year, write me or your mother a one-page letter, selecting any subject you wish. Tell us in simple English anything that comes into your mind or imagination. I am confident this simple exercise will be a wonderful help to you in mastering the language at its best, and that after the first few months, you will enjoy it.

Appreciate the real meaning of integrity. Uprightness of character and innate honesty apply to everything in life—to your school work, your play on the athletic field, your life at home with the family. Make up your mind early in life always to look everyone in the eye, with the

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full knowledge that no one can challenge your integrity.

Watch your posture. Hold yourself erect and keep your head high. It gives you character and self-confidence as very few other things do. You cannot have pride in yourself if you are stooped over and hanging your head.

Make all your decisions promptly. Procrastination is truly the thief of time. Putting off until tomorrow what should be done today is admitting to yourself that you are lazy.

Remember to be thoughtful and considerate of everyone, especially your own family. Do not take your father and mother for granted; they have made many sacrifices for you, and the least you can do is to act towards them always so they will be proud of you. Your success at school, especially if you stand at the head of your class, would be the greatest compensation your parents could receive.

Be sure to give first place in your life to the spiritual side of your nature. Have an abiding faith in God. If you ever have any doubt, just go out on a starry night and take a long look at the heavens. No one but God could ever conceive the firmament and infinite space. As a guide in life, you cannot do better than live by the Golden Rule as set forth in the "Sermon on the Mount." Keep a copy of it beside you always and reread it at least once a month.

How important is the social side of your life? You will like the girls and the girls will like you, too—especially if you are a leader in school and captain of your team. But learn to put social life in its proper place. Always keep your feet on the ground and do not get a swelled head.

The value of imagination. You are too young to understand how helpful in future life a vivid, active imagination may prove. All modern civilization is yours today because some man, during past years, had enough imagination leading to an idea which, fully developed, resulted in all the things you now take for granted.

How important is money? It's important, but don't put too much value on it. It will buy things that you need and desire, but it will not take the place of earning for yourself the respect of your friends and fellow-workers.

Be an optimist. You will have so much more satisfaction and fun out of life if you always look on the

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bright side of things. And your friends will point to you with pride as a boy or man who is always cheerful and pleasant to be with.

Pay heed to your conscience. Fortunately, nature endowed us all with a built-in alarm system, so that we know the difference between right and wrong. Be sure to follow the right road. Your self-respect and the knowledge that you are doing the right thing will give you more satisfaction than anything else.

Perhaps I am boring you a little with this long letter. But these are some of the things I'd talk over if I were with you today. There are probably many important things I have failed to mention, but we can take these up at some future time.

I am going to ask you, as a special request, to put this letter aside and reread it on the last day of each month until you graduate from college. I am asking this because I am sure there are some things mentioned in it that you will understand and appreciate better when you are 18 or 20, than you do today —things which you will now pass up as unimportant, but which may influence greatly your future life.

I have written this only after a very searching study of my own life and the lives of some of my intimate friends, in the cherished hope that it may help you, if only a little, to plot a successful course in your life.

With a great deal of love and affection, I am

Devotedly,
Your Father

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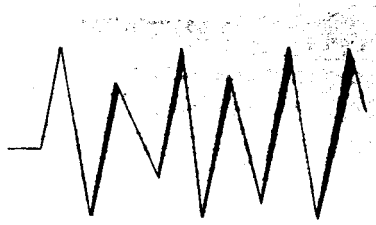

What Is Sleep?

by JOHN PFEIFFER

Scientists have discovered an answer to this question that you probably never dreamed of

YOU HAVE TURNED in for the night after a hard day's work. You're a sound sleeper and that truck clattering down the street outside your open window might as well be a hundred miles away. You don't hear it. Your wife has the radio on, but that doesn't bother you either.

You're dead to the world . . . or are you? If someone at your bedside softly uttered one word, the odds are you would wake up in a hurry. You would hear it distinctly, somewhere deep in your mind, over and above the ignored noises. That one word is your name.

This illustrates one of the strangest and most significant things about sleep: you are never completely asleep. Although you shut many things out of your consciousness, you are still partly in contact with your surroundings.

Nature leaves a limited number of such "inner gates" open for top-priority messages. An inner gate to a mother's mind is the cry, however faint, of her baby. When there's an emergency, when the call is for *you* and no one else, you react swiftly.

Sleep is a wonderfully subtle thing. It is not something absolute, an isolated process, but a position on an "attention" scale. The low end of the scale—100 per cent unawareness—occurs only in death or complete coma. At the other extreme is 100 per cent vigilance, a state of increasing interest to sleep investigators.

Civilized living rarely demands our full powers of concentration. Most of what we do consists of routines that are merely complicated reflexes.

You drive your car to work, a reasonably dangerous operation, but you know the route by heart. Most of the time you think about something else, or nothing at all.

If you are a housewife, you make beds and prepare meals and wash dishes without concentrating. Putting on make-up for a party or mixing a new recipe requires some extra attention. But you live most of your life in a kind of half-sleep.

In fact, psychologists estimate that on the average you spend only about *60 seconds* out of every hour doing things that call for anything approaching complete vigilance. That's about 16 minutes out of your day that you are really wide-awake and alert.

Nature is continually regulating

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your attention level as though a volume control were contained in your nervous system, like the one you adjust on your radio set. At night your attention drops in a special way as you "fall" asleep. Actually this is a five-stage process which can be observed on a machine recording your brain waves, those rhythmic electrical impulses produced by millions of nerve cells discharging in unison.

Here is what happens, according to Prof. Edgar D. Adrian, Nobel Prize brain researcher. The first stage occurs after you've closed your eyes. The automatic pen that registers brain waves on a moving ribbon of chart paper vibrates suddenly and stops. Then it produces a burst of ripples. A pause follows, then another burst, and so on. You're reviewing the events of the day and thinking about what's coming tomorrow.

Next, your brain rhythms change from bursts to large sharp waves, or "spindles." Your thoughts aren't complete. They're snatches of ideas with gaps in between.

During the third stage, the spindles disappear and long slow waves, "rollers," take their place. Now you're no longer rational. Ideas have all but vanished. The highest centers are closing down and sharp crude feelings come into their own. If you were "frozen" at this stage, you would be scared or elated or worried.

Tremor-like waves are the telltale signs of the fourth stage, fine irregular jiggles, about 20 a second. Now you're tottering on the very edge of slumber. You can still feel emotions, but you recognize them only as vague, undefined sensations.

Deep sleep comes with the fifth and final stage. Your brain-wave record flattens into an almost horizontal line with an occasional bump in it. According to research by the Englander Sleep Foundation, your deepest sleep is your earliest, the first three or four hours. This fifth stage makes up a third of your life—an average of eight hours a day, or four months a year, or about 23 years in a normal life-span.

The entire process of dozing off may take a few minutes or an hour, depending on the sort of person you are and what's on your mind. The average is 15 to 25 minutes.

Even when you are sleeping soundly, your brain is by no means completely "out." We all dream, which is simply thinking during sleep. For some reason our minds then deal mainly with unpleasant situations involving fear, sorrow, anger or anxiety. A recent survey reveals that only about one out of every five dreams is concerned with pleasant subjects.

You move as well as dream while the night passes. During an average eight-hour sleep, you spend about four to five minutes moving around, adjusting your body to new positions. If you've been upset emotionally, you'll toss about more, perhaps twice as much. This is the equivalent of the nervous pacing

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and fidgeting of our waking hours.

The sleeping brain is capable of amazing feats of attention. Several years ago, a prominent Boston scientist began nodding during an important conference about calculating machines, and was soon snoring softly. Suddenly he woke up, plunged right into the middle of a highly technical discussion—and even corrected a colleague's mistake. He had been following the argument unconsciously!

Waking up is mainly a matter of going through the five-stage process in reverse. But in the morning most of us have deadlines to meet, and an alarm clock to help us meet them, so we usually awaken faster than we fall asleep. But some people react sluggishly to the ringing of the alarm and don't actually "come to" for several hours.

Slow wakers may not make pleasant early-morning company, since they are apt to be on edge and cranky before they adjust to the rhythm of the day.

Really fast wakers are rarer than slow wakers. They go through the five stages of arousal in 30 seconds or less and are bright-eyed and alert while the slow wakers are still struggling to get their bearings. This group includes the people who claim they don't dream. They do, of course. Under hypnosis, they invariably describe in great detail the nightmares they have forgotten. The reason for this is that the "non-dreamer" concentrates on some problem or object in the bedroom immediately upon wakening, and his dreams are driven from his mind.

Why do we sleep? The answer to this question may surprise you; no one knew for sure until relatively recent times.

During World War II, a Canadian investigator decided to find out if sleep was "just a bad habit." In doing so, he set a scientific record for experimental insomnia by staying awake ten consecutive days and nights.

DURING THAT GRUELLING period doctors gave him special tests for high lactic-acid levels in his blood, a clue to intense fatigue of leg and arm muscles. They showed these levels to be completely normal. The scientist didn't even feel tired most of the time. Other tests failed to indicate changes in body temperature, heart rate, blood pressure or vision, and his reflexes were normal throughout.

In fact, as far as a conventional medical examination was concerned, his body showed no ill effects from prolonged sleeplessness. But his mind broke under the strain. He accused his research staff of interfering with the experiment, and burst into fits of rage.

Similar reactions, symptoms of the major mental disease, paranoia, are also reported in more recent experiments conducted at the California Institute of Technology by researchers with some 500 volunteers who stayed awake for periods of up to four days or more. Here, the first signs of mental collapse appeared after two or three days, when the volunteers began to display increased irritability, loss of memory, a tendency toward hallucinations and illusions.

Later, they started to crack up emotionally. One thought he was an FBI agent on a secret mission

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for the President. Another became violent as he tried to break up an imagined plot to kill him. A good night's sleep, however, was usually enough to get rid of such symptoms.

These findings prove that sleep is Nature's way of keeping the mind in tiptop working condition. "We sleep mainly for the benefit of a single organ—the brain," a specialist explains. "The brain requires little energy to perform its functions: half a peanut supplies sufficient calories for an hour of intense thought. But some nerve cells are extremely sensitive and fail to function properly when we do not get enough rest."

When the storage battery in your car runs down, you have it recharged. Nerve cells are living storage batteries and also need recharging. Usually that happens automatically, while you are awake. But the cells of the highest centers, those that play a leading role in complex thinking and memory, are under extra strain in the struggle for existence. Although they can take severe punishment, as records of voluntary sleeplessness prove, it is wisest not to work them overtime too much.

While you are asleep, these cells undergo a kind of chemical overhauling in preparation for tomorrow's problems. For example, fuel supplies must be continually checked and replenished. Your brain gets its energy by burning a particular sugar known as glucose (found in corn syrup, fruits and other sources), and will accept no substitutes. When you are hard at work, your brain cells are presumably running at peak efficiency and using plenty of glucose.

During the night, Nature decelerates the cerebral engine by cutting down on sugar supplies. At least, that's what many investigators believe happens normally. But sometimes the process doesn't work as it should. Sugar supplies are not reduced, the engine keeps racing on and a person can't fall asleep. In such cases, doctors often prescribe "sleeping pills"—barbiturates and other drugs. All these preparations are known to interfere with the glucose diet of brain cells, and this enforced rationing may be what puts insomnia sufferers to sleep.

Research will eventually solve still other mysteries of sleep. We still cannot fathom the mechanism of that built-in biological clock which enables some people to "set" their minds at a certain hour—and wake up on the dot without alarms or any other external signals.

And we do not yet understand how the "pacemaker" nerve center, like the conductor of a symphony orchestra, directs the rhythm of relaxation and vigilance in our everyday lives. We still have a great deal to learn about sleep, that amazing process that keeps our minds in good working order.

THE ONLY BAD part of being a good sport is that you have to lose to prove it. —WALTER WINCHELL

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Picture Story

ROMANCE OF THE RIVERS

THE OHIO

A RIVER IS WATER in its loveliest form; rivers have life and sound and movement and infinity of variation; rivers are veins of the earth through which the life blood returns to the heart. Rivers can attain overwhelming grandeur; they may slide softly through flat meadows or batter their way down mountain slopes and through narrow canyons; they may be heavy, almost dark with history, or they may be sparkling fresh on mountain slopes.

One may love a river as soon as one sets eyes upon it. One may feel in the same way an instant affinity for a man or a woman and know that here is pleasure and warmth and the foundation of deep friendship.

From *A River Never Sleeps* by Roderick L. Haig-Brown. Copyright 1944, 1946 by the author. William Morrow & Company, Inc., Publishers.

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THE MISSISSIPPI

ONE CANNOT SEE too many summer sunrises on the Mississippi. They are enchanting. First, there is the eloquence of silence; for a deep hush broods everywhere. Next, there is the haunting sense of loneliness, isolation, remoteness from the worry and bustle of the world. The dawn creeps in stealthily; vast stretches of the river open up and reveal themselves; there is not the faintest breath of wind, nor stir of leaf; the tranquillity is profound and infinitely satisfying. Then a bird pipes up, another follows. You move through an atmosphere of song which seems to sing itself. When the light has become a little stronger, you have one of the fairest and softest pictures imaginable. All this stretch of river is a mirror, and you have the shadowy reflections of the leafage and the curving shores and the receding capes pictured in it. And when the sun gets well up, and distributes a pink flush and a powder of gold and a purple haze, you grant that you have seen something worth remembering.

From *Life on the Mississippi* by Mark Twain

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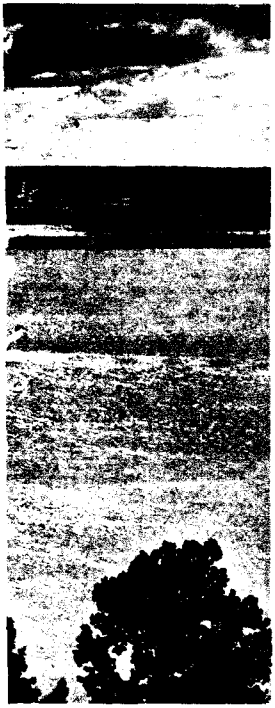

IN ALL ITS career the Rio Grande knows several typical kinds of landscape. It springs from tremendous mountains, and intermittently mountains accompany it for three-fourths of its course. It often lies hidden and inaccessible in canyons, whether they cleave through mountains or wide level plains. From such forbidding obscurities it emerges again and again into valleys of bounty and grace.

But always visible on either side are reaches of desert, and beyond stand mountains that limit the river's world. Again, the desert closes against the river, and the gritty wastelands crumble into its very banks, and nothing lives but creatures of the dry and hot.

But at last the river comes to the coastal plain where it finds peaceful delivery into the sea, winding its last miles slowly through marshy bends.

THE RIO GRANDE

From *GREAT RIVER: The Rio Grande in North American History* by Paul Horgan. Copyright 1954 by the author. Rinehart & Company, Inc., Publishers.

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THE TENNESSEE RIVER starts up in the Blue Ridge country. Little rivers come racing down, the Clinch, the Holston, and others. The Tennessee is a hill-country river, working its way down valleys, under big hills, little hills, now creeping west, now south, now north—Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, down into northern Alabama.

It is something to dream and hope for, this land drained by the Tennessee. There are a few rich valleys, growing blue grass. There are mountain ranges. It is a land of tall, straight men—the kind of stock out of which came Daniel Boone, Andrew Jackson, Andrew Johnson.

There is wealth in the land on which these people have tried to live. It is a new kind of wealth, the wealth of the modern world. It is wealth in the form of energy.

Power—the coinage of the modern world! Power stored to make a steady stream of power—the river being made to harness itself. There is a new kind of poetry in that thought—power for great stretches of country far outside the sphere of influence of the present TVA.

From *Puzzled America* by Sherwood Anderson. Copyright 1935 by Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

THE TENNESSEE

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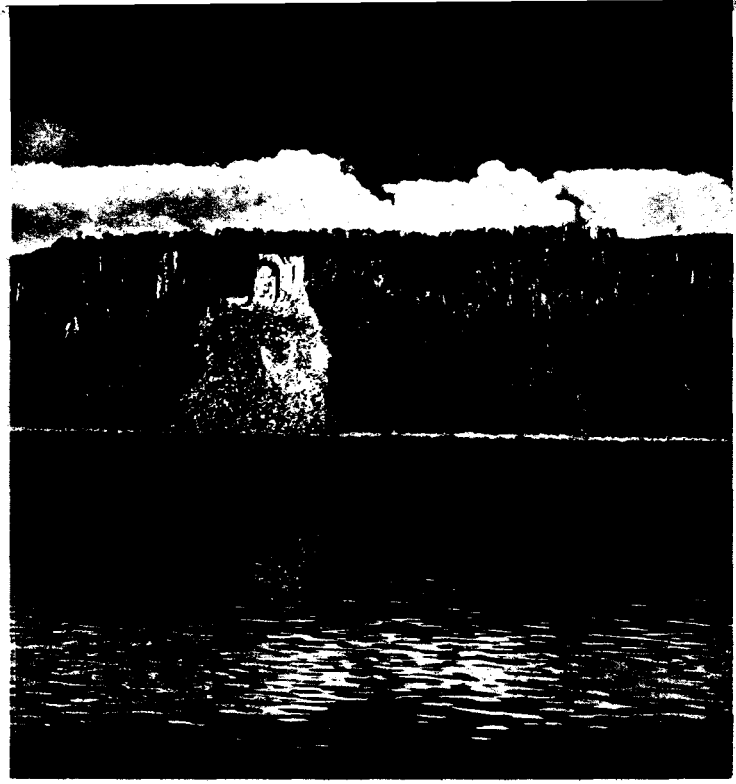

THE HUDSON

BEING A MATURE RIVER, the Hudson decided its course of action millions of years ago and has never given trouble to the people who live, work or play beside it. It does not run wild, destroying the land or undermining buildings. You can trust the Hudson. It is benign as well as beautiful.

To have the Hudson at our doorstep is to be enriched every hour of the day. It is a kaleidoscope of beauty—greenish blue when the sun awakens it in the morning, a delicate maculated floor of silver when the sun moves into the south and a pool of red when the sun drops behind the cliffs. At night it is a strip of velvety black between garlands of lights on both banks.

From *Once Around the Sun* by Brooks Atkinson. Copyright 1951 by the author. Harcourt Brace & Co., Inc., Publishers.

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THE COLORADO

AS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS are the backbone of physical North America, the Colorado is the vertebral tube carrying the spinal fluid of the continent. Despite a score of other names, it has become known at last simply by its one unchanging color—in Spanish the *Rio Colorado*, the great Red River of the West.

Its landscapes are never anywhere urban or commercial, not even pastoral. They are purely mystical in tone. There are the wind-swept rocky wastes high above timberline, the sunless gloom of deep gorges. When the river does rise to the surface again it is upon the face of an earth whose expressions are never twice the same.

In this shifting realm of the unreal, only the river is permanent. It is the one enduring mesmer from whose spell no man who has once seen it is ever quite freed. Those who love it best fear it most. For like all things touched with the sublime it carries a lurking horror.

From *The Colorado* by Frank Waters, copyright 1946 by the author. Rinehart & Company, Inc., Publishers.

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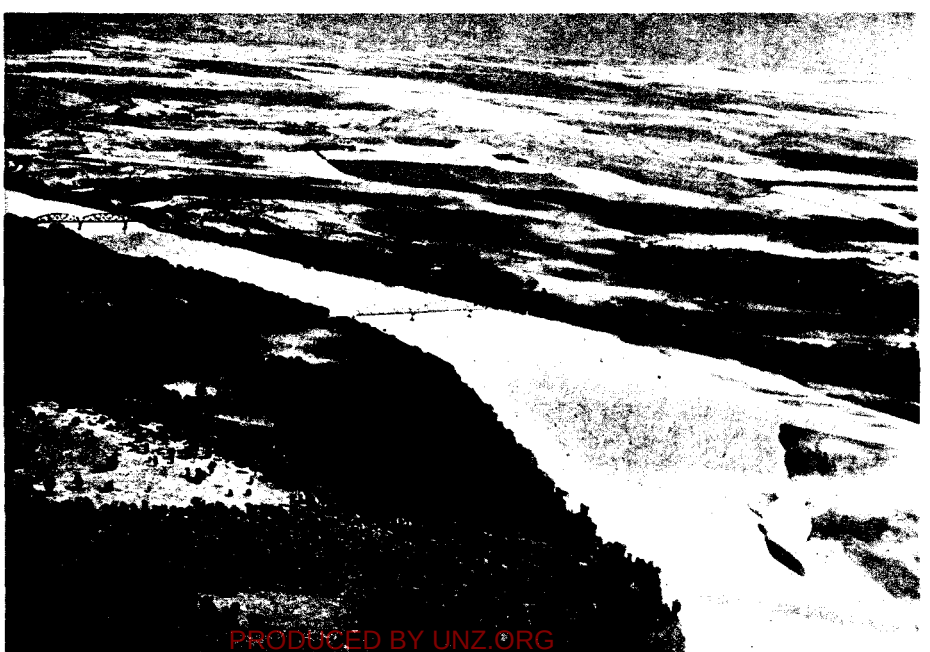
THERE ARE RIVERS that exist in time—or in eternity. But the Missouri River quite manifestly exists in space. It is on its way. It moves magnificently over vast distances. It is forever going places. Not only that, it is forever doing things. The Missouri River is a story in itself—an heroic poem, an epic.

It is a thoroughly masculine river, a burly, husky bulldozer of a stream, which has taken on the biggest job of moving dirt in North America. It has been well-named the Big Muddy. The river is still the boundary between two cultures. On the east bank you find the plow, the farm, the barnyard, the tall corn, and the rifle. On the west bank you have the saddle, the ranch, the corral, the beef steer, and the six-gun.

Yet the Missouri was first of all a *highway*, and it is a highway that it has captured the imagination of mankind—a perilous train leading from Mississippi swamps to the snow peaks of the Rockies; a trail passing from the warm South to a country bleak and cold as Siberia.

From *The Missouri* by Stanley Vestal, copyright 1945 by Walter Stanley Campbell. Rinehart & Company, Inc., Publishers.

THE MISSOURI



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THE COLUMBIA

THE RIVER is a tide of moving waters: by night it floods the pockets of the earth. By night it drinks strange time, dark time.

Ships call! The hooves of night, the horses of the sea, come on below their manes of darkness. And forever the river runs. Deep as the tides of time and memory, deep as the tides of sleep, the river runs.

And in the night time, in the dark there, in all the sleeping silence of the earth, have we not heard the river, the rich immortal river, full of its strange dark time?

Full with the pulse of time it flows there, full with the pulse of all men living, sleeping, dying, waking, it will flow there, full with the billion dark and secret moments of our lives it flows there—thick with the wastes of earth, dark with our stains, and heavied with our dumpings, rich, rank, beautiful, and unending as all life, all living, as it flows by us, by us, by us, to the sea!

From *Of Time and The River* by Thomas Wolfe. Copyright 1935 by Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

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Betrayal in Vienna

The amazing story of the greatest traitor of all time

by CAROL BURKE

VIENNA PUT OUT its lamps and settled into an unsuspecting slumber that mild May night in 1913. If here and there a nervous voice muttered warnings of war, few heeded. For, like the rest of the world, the subjects of the great Austro-Hungarian Empire did not doubt that they, too, would see peace in their time.

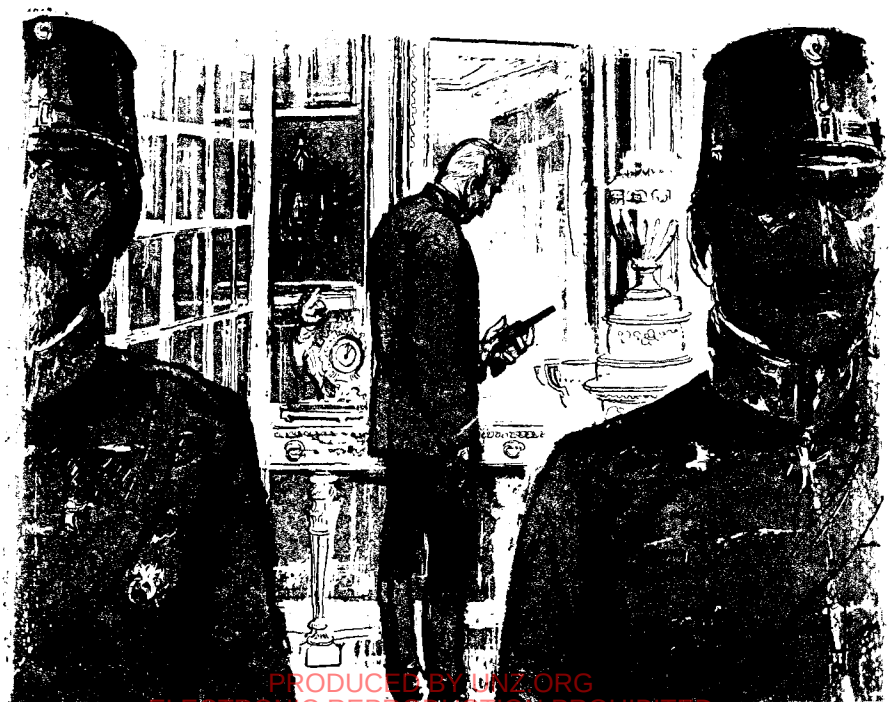
Yet, before that night was over, the Austrian Supreme Command was not only to guess that the Empire was doomed from without, but to know for a certainty that it had already crumbled within.

As the clocks of Vienna chimed midnight, a night clerk in the darkened lobby of the Hotel Klomser nodded sleepily at four officers in full-dress uniform. "Yes, gentlemen," he said. "Colonel Redl is in room Number 1."

The four men mounted a flight of carpeted stairs and rapped on the door. Inside, there were heavy footsteps. Then the door was swung open by a tall, powerfully built man with a gray mustache.

"Come in," he said calmly. "I have been expecting you."

"Time is short, Herr Redl," snapped the senior officer, deliberately



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omitting the man's military title. "Tell us at once—to what countries have you betrayed us?"

"I worked only for Russia," was the answer.

"And your accomplices?"

"There were none," Redl replied. "I worked alone. You will find proof in my apartment in Prague."

There was a slight pause. Then the officer asked, "Have you a gun?"

Redl shook his head.

Without a word, one of the younger officers stepped forward and offered a revolver. Redl hesitated, glancing for a long moment at the impassive faces of his visitors. Then he stretched out his hand and accepted the weapon. The final seal had apparently been set upon an unspoken gentlemen's agreement. The officers left, clicking the door shut behind them.

THE NEXT MORNING, May 25, 1913, Col. Alfred Redl's suicide was front-page news. Redl had been one of the most brilliant officers in the Austrian Army. He had served with highest distinction, first as Chief of the Intelligence Service, later as Chief of Staff in Prague. His unfortunate suicide, the Ministry of War stated regretfully, had been due to mental strain caused by overwork.

But behind that brief official explanation, the Ministry had concealed one of the most brazen betrayals of all time. For Redl had sold his allegiance to Russia. For over a decade, he had systematically shipped across the Czarist border every important detail of his country's military organization.

Ironically, the clues which finally led to his downfall were the fruit of his own genius. In his career with the Intelligence Service, he had anticipated the unscrupulous methods of the German Gestapo by at least 30 years. Every visitor to his office was secretly photographed and fingerprinted. Every conversation was recorded and filed for future reference. His subordinates watched all incoming trains for espionage agents, tapped telephone wires, violated the privacy of the mails.

When Redl was promoted to Prague, he bequeathed his ruthless code to his successor, Capt. Maximilian Ronge. Unknown to Redl, Ronge was more than an imitator. He pushed postal censorship to its limits and ordered a thorough examination of all international mail which crossed the Austrian border. His purpose? To uncover and trace foreign spies.

Into the Vienna Post Office early in March, 1913, came two letters posted from Eydtkuhnen, a small East-Prussian village on the Russian-German border. Since the spot had long been notorious as a rendezvous for foreign agents, a wary censor deftly eased open the flaps of the envelopes. In each lay a neat sheaf of Austrian banknotes, 14,000 kroner in all, a small fortune.

This, the censor calculated, was a highly suspicious sum to be trusted to the ordinary mails. He laid the envelopes side by side and examined the identical addresses. They read simply, "Opernball 13, General Delivery, Vienna."

The name "Opernball 13" was obviously a cipher. It was just possible that the man who held the key

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to the cipher would also hold the key to an anti-Austrian espionage plot. The censor sealed the envelopes and alerted Intelligence.

An electric bell was promptly installed under the General Delivery window and wired through to another room in the building. There, two detectives were stationed to await the ring which would signal that the suspicious letters had been claimed.

Days passed, slipped into weeks, then months, and the long siege of waiting slackened the detectives' vigilance. When the bell finally rang late on a Saturday in May, they were out of the room. By the time they reached the General Delivery window, "Opernball 13" had disappeared.

"He just went out," said the postal clerk. "A tall man dressed in gray."

The detectives reached the sidewalk in time to see a taxi drive off with a single passenger, a man in gray. They jotted down the license number and searched frantically for another cab. But the streets were empty.

For 20 minutes they paced back and forth. Then, suddenly, a cab rounded the corner and forged the first link in a chain of luck which was to lead them straight to their quarry. It was the same vehicle which the stranger had hailed.

The first detective flagged it to a halt. "Where did you take the man you just picked up here?" he asked the driver. "He's a friend of mine. I'd like to see him."

"Cafe Kaiserhof," the cab driver answered.

"To the Kaiserhof then, and hurry!" ordered the detective.

On the way the two men made a routine check of the interior. From between the cushions in the back they dug a folded piece of gray suede. It was a sheath for a small knife, a tool which might easily double for a letter opener. "Opernball 13" must have opened the envelopes in the cab!

Although the Kaiserhof was deserted, luck still favored the pursuers. At a taxi stand across the street, a driver remembered that a man in gray had just taken a cab to the Hotel Klomser.

At the Klomser, four people had checked in within the last half hour. The detectives gave the knife sheath to the hotel clerk. "As soon as you see these guests," they told him, pointing to the last four names on the register, "ask them if they own this sheath."

A moment later, a tall, military figure descended the stairs into the lobby. It was Col. Alfred Redl. The porter asked if he had lost the sheath. To the astonishment of the detectives, hiding behind newspapers, the staff officer claimed the object and walked out.

The first detective waited a few seconds before he followed. His aide was already at a phone, informing Intelligence of the

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identity of "Opernball 13." Redl walked slowly at first. Then, with an awareness born of years of espionage work, he must have sensed that he was being shadowed. For he paused in front of a store window and saw his pursuers in the glass.

Immediately he quickened his pace and mingled with the crowd. But the detectives were not to be shaken. Fascinated, they watched Redl pull a sheaf of papers from his pocket, shred them into pieces and scatter them along the street. Was the move a means of destroying incriminating evidence, or just a decoy? They didn't know, but by silent assent one stopped to collect the paper fragments while the other continued the pursuit.

Back at Intelligence headquarters, Ronge himself had taken the call from the hotel. Astounded that his brilliant predecessor could even be suspected of treason, he hurried to the Post Office. Every person who claimed a General Delivery letter, he knew, had to sign a receipt.

When he returned to his office with the "Opernball 13" forms, he took out a manual of espionage techniques which Redl had compiled at the time of his transfer to Prague. The book was so highly secret that only one copy existed—in the author's own handwriting.

With trembling fingers, Ronge compared the postal forms with page after page of the book. There was no doubt. The small, neat writing was the same!

Still, Ronge told himself, there could be some explanation besides treason. While Redl was obviously engaged in undercover work, there might somehow be a legitimate purpose behind it.

He continued to worry the point until the detective who had collected Redl's papers burst into the room. The two men matched the scraps together, piece by piece like a jigsaw puzzle. When the pattern was complete, Ronge was forced to believe the incredible.

Before him lay letters and money orders from Brussels, Warsaw and Lausanne, and every one had been sent from a well-known espionage address. The case against Redl was indisputable.

By now, the traitor had abandoned his attempts to elude pursuit and returned to his hotel. Reports came in to Intelligence that he was dining with an old and influential friend, Dr. Viktor Pollak, chief public prosecutor.

Then, surprisingly, a call came from Dr. Pollak himself. Redl, Pollak announced, was suffering from extreme mental tension and appeared to be in a state of nervous collapse. He also had admitted certain moral lapses which led Dr. Pollak to believe he was a homosexual. Dr. Pollak begged that Redl be given the favor of a single police escort to his home in Prague that night. He then informed them that Redl intended to submit his resignation to his superior officer the next morning.

Intelligence promptly refused the

YOUNG MEN OF HOLLYWOOD
by Hedda Hopper
The famous film columnist selects eight young actors who will be the box-office "greats" of tomorrow. A picture feature in July Coronet.

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request. It was, they saw, a last desperate bid for freedom. Redl undoubtedly believed that he could escape the surveillance of a single guard on the long night journey to Prague.

Ronge reported the full story of the case to his superior, Colonel August Urbanski von Ostromiecz. Urbanski relayed the information to General Conrad von Höetzendorf, chief of the General Staff. Then, back through the ranks of the military hierarchy came the decision: Redl must die before dawn.

Toward 11:30, the final report came in from the watch at the hotel. Redl had retired to his room. And the four chosen officers left to keep their midnight appointment.

A FEW HOURS LATER—in Prague—two officers ordered a locksmith to force the locks on Redl's private desk and files. The elegance of his apartment, the value of his investments, the size of his bank balance all proved that greed for money had goaded the officer to his treason. Certainly, his Russian masters had paid him handsomely.

Later speculation has added another motive. It might well have been that Czarist agents discovered his perversion and threatened him with exposure if he failed to comply with their demands for information. But of this Redl left no record.

With the details of his espionage, it was otherwise. The officers found a complete listing of codes, ciphers, police records, secret army orders and fortification plans sold to St. Petersburg.

Even more ruthless had been Redl's disregard for human life. As Chief of Intelligence, he had for years selected Austrian agents to work in Russia. These men were his colleagues. But as soon as he had shaken their hands and wished them luck, he had alerted St. Petersburg of their impending arrival. Some were killed, others imprisoned and the rest hopelessly hamstrung by Russian surveillance.

If the officers had any hopes that Redl's betrayal was less than complete, they were shattered by the discovery that he had sold the most crucial of all Austrian documents. Called Plan III, it was the final directive for a campaign against Serbia in the event of a European conflict. Statistical tables, mobilization orders, information on supply lines, transportation schedules, all had been shipped to Russia.

In Vienna, the Ministry of War determined to conceal the disgrace. To give backing to the official report that Redl's death was simply suicide caused by overwork, preparations were made for burial with full military ceremonial.

The deception might have succeeded had not a trifling incident, almost absurd in its simplicity, revealed the truth. In conscripting a locksmith in Prague, the two officers had unwittingly chosen the star player on a local football team. When his default caused his team to lose a game, the player protested his innocence to an angry captain.

"It was a military order," he complained. "The officers forced me to open all the locks in Redl's apartment."

The captain, in business life the editor of a local paper, and also Prague correspondent of a leading Berlin paper, sensed a sensational story. Skillfully, he drew all the

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facts from the locksmith. But he knew that a frank publication of Redl's treachery would never pass government censorship. Instead, he cleverly twisted the story into a denial of "certain rumors": Colonel Redl had *not* shot himself because he was a Russian spy. The forced entry into his apartment did *not* concern his alleged espionage activities.

Within a matter of hours, the Ministry of War was deluged with reporters from every paper and international news bureau in Vienna. The scandal was so overwhelming that the military funeral was abruptly cancelled. Redl's body was rushed to an unmarked grave.

With concealment out of the question, the Ministry could only attempt to minimize the extent of the betrayal. As it happened, even they failed to realize the enormity of its consequences until, a year later, the fatal shot at Sarajevo plunged the Continent into war.

Austria immediately launched an attack on the small Balkan state of Serbia. But Russia, allied with the Serbs, had already relayed Plan III to the Serbian high command.

The Austrians found themselves outwitted at every move. With forces vastly inferior in equipment and number, the Serbs balked the Imperial onslaught, and the Austrians lost 50,000 men. In desperation, Austria withdrew troops from the Russian front to bolster her Serbian drive.

Only then did an unsuspected phase of Redl's work become apparent. For years he had regularly suppressed reports on Russian troop strength, with the result that the Czar had in the field 75 more divisions than the Austrians had anticipated. Russia moved in to inflict overwhelming defeats.

Just before he died, Redl had written, "Pray for me. With my life, I pay for my sins." It was the supreme and final arrogance of a man who had sold the safety of a nation to satisfy his greed. More than half a million Austrians paid with their lives for his treachery.

Safety Last

DOES A PILOT have to go to flying school to learn to fly a jet, or does he just get a California driver's license? —BOB HOPE

IF ALL THE MOTORISTS in this country were laid end to end, 95 per cent of them would pull right out of line and try to pass the car in front. —*Pipe Dreams*

THE PARTY OVER, the host offered to drive one of his guests home. It was raining buckets and twice they narrowly avoided an accident, whereupon the nervous guest tactfully suggested it might help if they started the windshield wiper.

"That wouldn't help much," replied the driver. "Like a fool, I left my glasses home!" —*Tit Bits*

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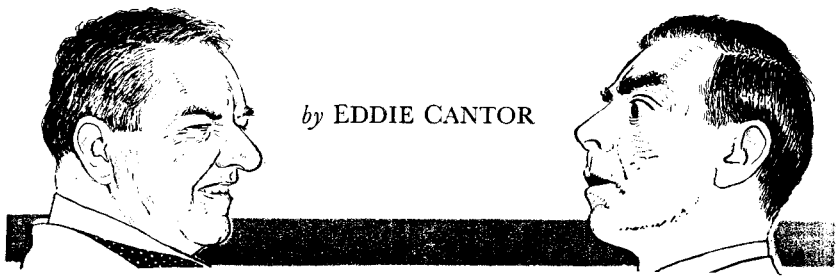
As he rose to success, this famous star found one important thing to guide him

My Greatest Discovery



by EDDIE CANTOR

NOT LONG AGO, I addressed several hundred women of a national organization at their annual banquet. Their applause and, later, their individual congratulations, made me very happy.

I believe I had every right to feel proud on this occasion, and others like it. For in 35 years of speech-making, I have never resorted to a ghost-writer. The words are always mine—mine and Webster's.

For a long time, I didn't even know about Webster. It's an open secret that I never went beyond the eighth grade. In my early show-business career, I found myself groping for words in everyday conversations, let alone speeches. My vocabulary was limited to phrases like: "stopping the show"—"laying an egg"—"murdering the audience"—and the rest of the greasepaint-footlight language.

When the Ziegfeld Follies of 1917 went on tour, I roomed with W. C. Fields. Here was an actor who was never at a loss for words, who knew so much about so many things. I was surprised to learn that Bill, too, had quit school at an early age. He was self-educated.

It was then that I learned about books. Oh, I knew they were important to some people. I passed public libraries often, and sometimes stopped and looked in the windows of book stores; but to read a book—let alone buy one—that was for sissies.

Yet there was nothing sissified about Fields. And while I'd often seen him pouring something into a glass, more often I'd seen him poring over a book.

In the year we were together, I became as avid a reader as he. What I couldn't understand, Bill would explain. What a picture! Eddie Cantor, the pupil—Bill Fields, the teacher!

But even though I was burning the midnight incandescents and

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making progress in a lot of ways, I still felt unsure about many things —things that were more vital than just knowing the right words. My mind was full of questions.

It was in a book store in St. Louis that a clerk recognized me and recommended several new books and an old one—a very old one—the Bible. I started reading it that very day—really reading it—not the way I had glanced at it as a kid.

I discovered, as have so many others, that this was all books rolled into one, philosophy, love, science, history. Best of all, the language was simple—the meanings clear. I found that the answers to all my questions were in the Bible.

Here was not just a literary masterpiece, but a workable theory for living. I've never known of a better offer: a lifetime of happiness, success, and a silent partner to share your burdens, in exchange for a small down-payment of trust and easy terms of following its precepts.

My uncertainty was replaced by confident action based on the assurance: "Be ye strong therefore and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded." It was—with fame, family, fortune and happiness.

Some of my greatest joy has resulted from obeying the command: "Cast thy bread upon the waters." And any good I have ever done has come back to me ten-fold.

My personal discovery of the Bible is nothing new to those who also live by it. But there are many who have never discovered it and taken the time to read it through. If they had, there would be more faith and less fear of this Atomic Age. For it is no more ominous than others that we have survived.

Back in 1776, the hundreds of well-trained, well-equipped Hessian troops must have seemed just as sinister a threat to George Washington and his handful of farmers with their flintlock guns. Still, the battle was won. Like little David defeating the giant Goliath, Washington and his men were following the precepts of the Bible—fighting for what was right.

During the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln must have felt the overwhelming odds against him when he was without the support of his party—when other nations were openly hostile—when even some of his own generals were laughing at him. Yet Lincoln led the way to victory.

Later, he confessed that he had never been alone—that he had had counsel which outstripped all the minds against him—the Bible.

It is not surprising that almost every all-time best-seller list includes the Bible. As its readers know, and as I discovered so many years ago, the Bible is not just a book of the month—it is the book of life, eternal, unchanging, ever-dependable.

In Black and White

(Answers to Brain Stoppers on page 65)

1. Pulling any three socks out of the pile would result in a pair of one or the other color.

2. He'd have to pull out 102 gloves: 101 all for one hand, plus one more glove for the other hand, to be assured of a proper pair.

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The Cult of SUPER-SEX

by TED BERKMAN

BACK IN THE rollicking Thirties, a song by the brothers Gershwin cheerily proclaimed, "Love Is Sweeping the Country." Today, Love has been dethroned, backed into a corner, and practically swept under the rug by a relative latecomer on the American scene. The winner and new champion is Super-Sex.

The cult of the female form divine, as manifested by outsize bosoms and interminable legs, has reached heights undreamed of by the ancient Greeks in their gaudiest rites. Again, like the Greeks, we have our modern goddesses. With names like Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe, they cast ever-lengthening if shapely shadows from coast to coast. And in their images a million second-hand, standardized glamor girls are hurled at us from every side.

They saturate our atmosphere, infesting movies, "comic" books, newspapers, newsreels and calendars. They turn up on men's ties, cocktail napkins, cereal boxes and fishing tackle; they line the walls of our beer halls and barracks. More or less live versions are found at football games, fraternity parties and classroom lectures, neatly packaged in sweaters beneath which are perfectly rounded contours that may or may not legitimately belong to milady. They even populate the TV panel shows, where your IQ is apparently less important than your hip and bust measurements.

The other day I paused to watch a parade stomping along Fifth Avenue. I soon became aware of subdued mutterings issuing from my neighbor, a hardy-looking citizen in his fifties.

"Look at them!" he growled. He pointed to what looked like a full platoon of youthful drum majorettes, batons twirling, legs flashing. "We used to have real parades along this street. Now we got night-club acts."

We're completely hemmed in by sex—in print, film and songs. Flee the crowded city and it still pursues you in the pure open spaces. Take off for the stratosphere—and you'll find one of the goddesses outlined on

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the fuselage of your Army bomber. Even go under water—and it's eight to one you'll find porpoises holding up a huge poster of Esther Williams.

This earnest and exclusive dedication to sex is tiresome. It's about as interesting as a 24-hour diet of caviar. But that's not the worst of it. I'm sick of Super-Sex because it's having an appalling effect on my friends and associates. It's creating super-headaches for men and women alike, forcing impossible yardsticks on both of them, and obliterating what was once the spontaneous joy of boy-meets-girl.

To begin with, it slams sex up into the foreground of the male consciousness. When something is thrust at a man twenty times a day, he can't help becoming acutely aware of it. It becomes a permanent pressure he has to live with: something that may relax occasionally but never for long.

The obvious reaction to this pressure—although not the only one—is to accept it as a challenge: if sex rates all this attention, then success in sex—that is, sexual conquest—must be the real mark of the Man of Achievement.

So, the more aggressive breed of male embarks on a career as an amateur Casanova, pursuing every female that heaves into view, his ego rising and falling with every adventure like the stock market in an international crisis.

I recall the bewilderment of a young Frenchwoman who came here to take an administrative job. She was assigned to working quarters in the accountant's office.

"*Immédiatement*," she reported, "he is making the pass. I think this is very strange as he does not yet even know my name.

"The next morning, it is one of the salesmen. This one, he says I should take the afternoon off, make up some story about a headache. He has a little apartment around the corner . . . I get very an-gree and tell him to go away. I think, 'two crazy ones in the same office.'

"The third day, it is the boss himself. He asks me to stay late for a private conference. Such a conference . . ! It is then I begin to realize that with most American men sex is not a pleasure, a thing of charm and sentiment. It is a problem, a terrible challenge. The man, he must always have a new scalp. It is, *peut-être*, your Indian heritage."

BUT THERE IS another kind of man who is placed in even a worse spot by the inescapable atmosphere of Super-Sex. This is the timid mouse who is afraid of being mistaken for a wolf. Being reserved by nature, such a man has a built-in sense of guilt about making any approach to a woman. This tendency is enormously reinforced by the reactions of outraged virtue he is likely to encounter if he should, for example, pluck up courage and point out to a girl on a bus that she has dropped her glove. Such innocent observations have been known to provoke icy stares and even compaints to the driver.

An ex-GI friend of mine—a rather quiet, solid sort—returned home to Vermont recently after several years of studying in Swiss and German universities. Imbued with the relaxed camaraderie of European student life, he tried to apply the same casual friendliness

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toward people in his home town.

His first reward came when he was denounced for offering to help a young woman cope with an armful of bundles at the A & P. His second came when, during the intermission of a concert, he addressed an enthusiastic comment to the girl in the adjoining seat, who had clearly shared his appreciation of the performance. Her mother promptly removed the girl and herself to another row.

The consequences of Super-Sex are not reserved for men alone. They can be equally unhappy for the ladies, particularly for those of no more than average physical attractiveness who constitute the great bulk of our female population. After all, very few of the girls at the office, the Ladies' Auxiliary or the local department store can qualify as models for the glamor-drenched beauties enlivening the downtown movie ads. What, then, is a girl supposed to do if her measurements don't exactly tally with those of Lana Turner? Retire from circulation?

For every girl you know who would laugh at that question, I can produce a dozen who in their hearts would answer "yes." I've seen them in stores and streetcars, restaurants and depots, staring at the fabulous figures on the magazine covers. The knowledge that they can't match, or even approximate, those figures leads a surprising number of otherwise rational young women to conclude that they are hopeless misfits.

The temptation is strong to make up for this apparent deficiency by relaxing the ordinary standards of discretion and becoming highly available. But this, as a wise secretary of mine once said about a younger colleague, "has plenty of drawbacks. She's going to have to keep up her performance constantly, and even improve it, if she wants to hang on to her franchise. And what she gains in temporary prestige will be more than outweighed by the long-run damage to her self-esteem."

More often, the girl of mild anatomical endowments simply retreats: like the discouraged male mouse, she withdraws from contacts with the opposite sex. But this, too, is hardly the path to happiness, since the deeper she crawls into her shell, the less chance she has of cultivating precisely those traits of character and personality which might make her genuinely attractive to men.

Paradoxically, not even for those girls of approved proportions and facial structure is Super-Sex an unmixed blessing. A few years ago, while working on a mid-western newspaper, I had occasion to fill in from time to time as heart-throb editor for the lady who usually ran the column. I can testify that among the types of appeal that come in with clocklike regularity is one that begins something like this:

"All my friends say I look like Ava Gardner. But there is this boy in my chemistry class who won't give me a tumble . . ."

The young lady is miffed. After all, she has been compared—in a vague way, it is true, and by parties not entirely without prejudice—to one of the reigning paragons of Super-Sex. What more can anyone demand of her?

She has every right, she feels, to

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expect the best of everything to come her way. Why bother to develop other qualities, when you're already loaded with the social equivalent of uranium? So she makes no effort in any other direction—and wakes up one day to the horrible realization that men require something more, whether they always know it or not.

Perhaps the most damaging aspect of Super-Sex is something that affects all women, regardless of their individual assets or liabilities: they are encouraged to think of sexual attraction as something essentially superficial and frequently purchasable; an assortment of mechanical parts ("The Legs," "The Body") that can be assembled and constructed like a hi-fi set.

Feminine lure is reduced to a batch of props—lipstick, hairdos, foundation garments—which, instead of being recognized as useful adjuncts to the individual personality, become the very essence of the person, the magic potion enabling identification with the dream doll of the moment.

It is hardly surprising, with the confused attitudes and objectives fostered by Super-Sex, that old-fashioned romance is on the decline. The art of flirtation—a subtle and delicious pastime no more dangerous than its participants choose to make it—is becoming lost.

Time and again I have sat in a restaurant watching a dating couple dawdle self-consciously over the menu, each dreading the moment when they will have to face each other and talk of something. Super-Sex hangs over them like a giant nuclear cloud, chilling their spontaneity and repressing all natural progress toward developing a warm, human relationship.

Not only is a roadblock thrown across the path of true love by Super-Sex; other less intense but nevertheless rewarding relationships are often choked off before they can get started. People who might enjoy each other's company at the theater, on the bridle path, or in sharing a home-cooked dinner are apt to be so preoccupied with the imagined demands of Super-Sex that they never get around to exploring their potentialities for genuine friendship.

But perhaps more important than any other consequence of the cult of Super-Sex is this: by letting it invade every facet of our lives, we are cheapening sex to the status of a worthless currency; by dispensing it across the counter like aspirin, we rob a growing generation of its mystery, illusion and personal flavor.

Ultimately, we face the most disastrous outcome of all: a generation of jaded boys and girls who have become so because they have been drowned in a torrent of sex stimuli almost since infancy. There can be no other result if the relentless pounding on our senses is kept up indefinitely. And that would be an immeasurable calamity.

So, let's get back in normal perspective. Let's restore the privacy, the dignity, the individual character of the attraction between male and female, with an eye on the components of womanliness—warmth, vitality, inner radiance—that can't be picked up on a quick Saturday afternoon shopping tour. Let's cut Super-Sex down to size!

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I AM A SPASTIC

by GENE BROWN with JIM STANGIER

Gene Brown has been afflicted with cerebral palsy since birth. From that day to the present, 26 years later, he has been completely dependent upon his mother for most of his needs. This is their story of Gene's struggle for a place in the outside world.—The Editors.

I PULLED MYSELF up from my chair with the muscles in my back and began to walk, taking steps about four inches long, balancing myself slowly and carefully. I was headed for the kitchen, but I never got there.

A neighbor's child brushed by, barely touching me but throwing me off balance. I felt myself begin to go over and tried to throw my arms forward to break the fall. Instead, they shot out behind me—as usual—and I lit on my mouth.

There was an explosion of light and pain in my head, and I lay there with my face in my own blood until Mother, who is about half my size, picked me up and put me on my feet.

This fall, like the many before it, was the result of a strange imprisonment into which I was born 26 years ago. The prison is my body. It has never let me make a movement I wanted to make, or a sound I wanted to utter. My mind is the only part of me that is completely sound, but if Mother died tomorrow I would very possibly be committed to a mental institution. For I am a spastic, a victim of cerebral palsy, a CP.

Though cerebral palsy is the greatest crippler in this country after polio and rheumatism, with hundreds of thousands of afflicted persons, the CP is the most misunderstood of all the physically handicapped. His halting gait, twisted face and tortured speech have traditionally been objects of fear and shame.

Let me tell you what it is like to be one.

Cerebral palsy is caused by brain damage which permanently injures the nerve centers governing voluntary motion, so that the sufferer has impaired nerve and muscle control. The damage usually occurs before, during, or immediately after birth, but may result from an accident at any time. Some veterans are CPs as a result of war injury.

This is how it happened to me.

Mrs. Brown: Gene was born at home, in a little town in Texas. At six months he was a fat and healthy baby, not deformed at all, but we noticed that his hands acted funny. He always seemed to

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"When I was finally able to stand—for the first time in my life—it hardly seemed real" . . . .

hold them out behind him, and he couldn't grasp anything.

When we tried to sit him up he would just fall over.

When he was 16 months old, we took him to a clinic. They examined him for a long time; then a doctor came out and handed Gene to me. He placed his finger at the base of Gene's skull and said that the neck had almost been broken there, that Gene was a spastic.

I asked if there was anything we could do. He said, "Just go home and pray that he doesn't outlive you." He wasn't being unkind. He meant it.

Every year I kept hoping that Gene would use his hands a little, or walk; but he never did. He could push himself around in a little cart, using his feet; and as he grew older we had the cart rebuilt to fit him. He did learn to talk a little, though I was the only one who could understand him.

Gene: I had a happy childhood. I guess it never occurred to me that I should be unhappy. Mother opened a beauty shop at home so she could watch me, but while she was working, I learned to amuse myself.

Since I couldn't use my hands at all, I figured out ways to use my feet. Mother would find me sitting in the middle of the floor, running my toys or coloring with my feet, or shooting marbles with my toes.

When I was very young, I used to wonder why I couldn't run or play ball like the other kids, but even when I was older and knew why, I didn't particularly miss it because I had never done it.

Mother taught me my ABCs, and when I was five I began to cry because I couldn't go to school. Though she tried for a year, the public schools refused to have anything to do with me. Finally she made arrangements for me to attend a Catholic school for an hour every afternoon, after the other pupils had gone.

I made four grades in three years, and I went through the fifth and sixth grades with private tutors.

My schoolwork required writing, which of course I couldn't do because I had no control of my hands. So, in the evening, after her own work was finished, Mother would write down what I would tell her.

Some of those evenings were very long because even she had a lot of trouble understanding me. And, of course, she still had to feed me, dress me and lift me whenever I had to be moved.

I went through the seventh and eighth grades in Riverside, California, under California's Home Teacher Plan; then I started high school in Burbank, where they had special classes for the handicapped.

For the first time in my life I was among my own kind—the spastics and the polios, the accident-crippled and those with crippled hearts. They made me feel at home immediately. I helped tutor two of the boys and one girl, and that made me feel there might be some good in my being on earth, though almost everything else in my life so far had made me doubt it.

I had never been able to write on

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a typewriter because I had neither the strength nor the control to push the keys down. My teacher persuaded me to try an electric typewriter. I had somebody tie my right wrist across my left so that the arms steadied each other; and since I couldn't even point my fingers at the keyboard, I had a rubber-tipped stick fastened to my hand with rubber bands.

Suddenly a new world was opened to me. Now I could put my thoughts down clearly. My best speed was one or two words a minute, but from then on I did all my own schoolwork.

I got all As and Bs in high school. When I was 17, I sat with the regular graduating class and received my diploma. It was one of the proudest hours of my life, but I was to find out that it was also one of the saddest.

For the first time I had had the companionship of other CPs, but now once again I was to know the loneliness of the spastic.

I had been accepted in school as just what I was, a physically handicapped student; but away from school I continually ran into people who had no comprehension at all about what cerebral palsy was.

MY LEGS HAD ALWAYS been scissored tightly crossed, my right leg badly drawn behind me. I had never stood on my feet. When I was taken to a special training school for spastics at 14 and told that I was going to learn to walk, I knew it was impossible.

I had been measured for a special brace which reached from the soles of my feet to my neck, and the day I was to take my first lesson the brace was laid out full length on the floor. It had solid steel bars up the sides, with joints which locked at knees and hips, and dozens of smaller straps and bars. It weighed about 35 pounds.

When it was ready, I was picked up bodily, laid inside it and laced, strapped and buckled. Then, duck-shoes, which are either short skis or long shoes, were fastened over my own shoes.

Finally I was hoisted to my feet —and everybody walked away. For the first time in my life, I was standing. It didn't seem real.

"I'm going to fall," I cried.

My instructor said I couldn't fall if I wanted to, and casually told me to walk.

I kept saying I was going to fall, but finally I took a step . . . my first. I suddenly became wildly excited and took 92 steps without stopping. I've never been able to take that many since.

Now began long months of practice and training and physical therapy.

I would lie on the bed and Mother would straighten my right leg and lock the brace. That leg had been bent for 14 years and of course it hurt. I would complain, but complaining wouldn't unlock that brace and neither would Mother, until the time was up.

We started with five minutes and increased the time until the brace came off completely and I could take a nap with just sandbags holding the leg straight.

And I walked. I walked and walked and walked . . . and piece by piece the braces came off, until, at the end of nine months, I walked without any braces. I walked and

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fell, walked some more and fell some more. Walking for me is a very careful exercise in balance, with short steps, each step planned; and it doesn't take much to send me down.

I made a lot of good friends at school. We spastics could always understand each other and each mother could understand her own child, but none of the mothers could understand anyone else.

And now I began to miss something—girls. In that respect, too, nobody can say I'm not normal. I did take a girl to the movies a few times, the sister of another CP. But Mother had to take us there and pick us up, and that doesn't make for a very exciting date.

Something important did come of it, though. She encouraged me to write a song. I might as well admit that she was the inspiration for it, too. At last I had found something that a badly handicapped spastic could do, and I began writing song lyrics steadily.

MOTHER BECAME ILL and was in bed nine months. It made me realize how much I depended on her in every way. Even more, it made me realize how close I was to the one thing every spastic dreads: the fact that it has been traditional to commit the CP to an institution when his relatives could no longer care for him. This was partly because it used to be taken for granted that all spastics were feeble-minded, and partly because there simply was no other place for them.

The Spastics of America, to which I belong, has fought for ten years to establish what is the dream of almost every spastic—a home-school where he can live in security and receive training. In these ten years, spastics themselves have built and opened the first unit of a home-school near Wichita, Kansas. Even the instructors here are spastics.

The money was raised year after year, penny by penny, from contributions of tablecloths and dish towels and jars of pickles, and the result of all this work and sacrifice is that they can take care of a total of *seven* spastics.

So I live with the knowledge that perhaps my only hope to stay out of an institution is my mother.

Our day starts about seven-thirty. Mother washes my legs and feet while I am still in bed, then puts on my shoes and stockings. We have to sleep in the same room, with the foot of her bed at the side of mine. If I become uncovered during the night, she has to get up and cover me again.

With my shoes on, I can hook my feet under the foot of her bed and pull myself to a sitting position with my back muscles, then stand up by myself and walk into the bathroom. When I am through there, she finishes washing and dressing me.

Every bite of food I have eaten in 26 years has been put in my mouth. Sometimes my throat doesn't work right and I choke. Even when things go all right, it takes about an hour to feed me one meal and brush my teeth.

After breakfast, I usually read the paper at the kitchen table. I turn the pages over with my teeth.

I spend at least six hours fastened to the typewriter. I can type about a page and a half in this time. I correspond with a number of handi-

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capped people all over the country; for a while, I did some of the typing of the Valley Spastic League, another organization to which I belong; and, always, I write song lyrics.

I started writing them both because this was my escape and my only hope of eventually earning a living—and, frankly, because lyrics were short enough to be within my capabilities as a typist.

For eight years, I sent my lyrics out and got them right back. But just a few months ago, one of them seemed to disappear. Then I received a letter saying it was going to be published. I was really up on top that day. When it was recorded by RCA, I was up even higher.

Mrs. Brown: In all the years he sent out songs, he never told them he was a spastic because he has never wanted to trade on his handicap.

Gene: When I was younger, I used to think that the greatest gift I could ask for would be the use of my hands, but now I know that I would rather have good speech above everything. Even without the use of my hands, I could have gone on to college and law school, but it was impossible without speech.

I know exactly what I want to say and how it should sound, but when I open my mouth, all that seems to come out are a few agonized sounds, or maybe nothing at all.

Relaxation is the key to almost everything I try to do. If I start to reach towards something, my arm usually shoots off in exactly the opposite direction. My tendency then is to get angry and frustrated, which makes it worse; but if I relax, then maybe my arm will go in the right direction—but only maybe.

Most parents of spastic children become frantic when they learn there is no cure for cerebral palsy. Partial relief of symptoms is possible through surgery, therapy and drugs, and also through muscle retraining. But aside from this, there is only patience and courage.

I have my own black moods, but I can work myself out of them fairly quickly. One reason for this is that I have always had very strong faith.

I believe that success and happiness do not come just from having a perfect body, but that we make our own Heaven or Hell right here, depending on the life we make with the body we have.

I believe that nobody can be happy without confidence in himself, no matter how he is formed, and in a God who must know better than we do. And I think I have learned that no man can be happy in himself alone.

Mother has always said that I had three things to be thankful for —good health, good eyesight, and a good mind. There is one thing more and that is Mother herself.

One Is Not

(Answers to quiz on page 29)

1. Etruscan; 2. Kentucky Wonder; 3. Marsh Pecker; 4. Old Lady of Threadneedle Street; 5. Yellow Perch; 6. Wheatear; 7. Jane Austen; 8. Land of Cakes; 9. Red Phalarope; 10. Iceland; 11. Flying Buttress; 12. Gainsborough; 13. Jolly Roger; 14. The Chimaera; 15. The House of Usher; 16. Ophelia; 17. The Flying Dutchman; 18. Pyramid; 19. The Little Foxes; 20. Bottom; 21. Duroc Jersey; 22. Darling Nelly Gray; 23. The emu; 24. Protozoan; 25. Detroit Tigers.

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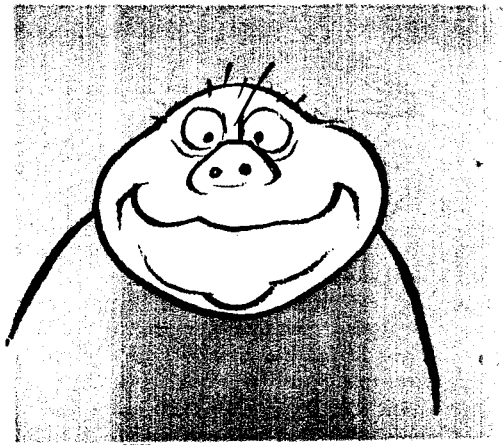
HOW TO SPEND YOUR WIFE'S VACATION



by A HUSBAND

With clever managing, most men can survive temporary bachelorhood

ONE DAY SOON, a faraway look will light your beloved's eyes and she will say: "Dear, why don't I take the children and go visit Mother for a week or two?"

Your heart leaps at the prospect of two weeks of freedom to come, go, eat, drink and be merry as you please. For security reasons, however, you make no mention of this. Instead, you play the indulgent husband.

"Go ahead," you say. "Do you a world of good."

This is the moment to recall a lesson from laboratory psychology. There once was a white mouse who was fat and happy because he knew his way around the maze to the feed bin. But then his keepers began rearranging his maze.

And what happened to the fatted mouse? He got scrawny, run-down and neurotic. Well, your wife's vacation amounts to messing up your own well-rutted maze. And how you survive depends entirely on how cagily you are able to manage your temporary bachelorhood.

There are five classic patterns of summer-bachelor life. Before you impulsively adopt the one that promises to work off your pet frustrations, consider and be warned.

The inner man. The husband who falls into this pattern regards his wife's absence mainly as an opportunity to take over the kitchen and gorge on manly fare.

You can spot the type easily. The first day his wife is away, he shows up in the supermarket grinning greedily and pushing a cart overflowing with the better cuts of beefsteak and cartons of frozen French fries. In his car is a case of beer.

You can identify him on his final days of freedom, too. He is on the end stool at the drugstore, ordering tea and toast and a cure for acid stomach.

Canned austerity. Another type leans on the food-processing industry to see him through until he gets back on regular rations. His cart is laden with goods from the "prepared dishes" section—baked beans, corned beef hash, beef stew, frozen

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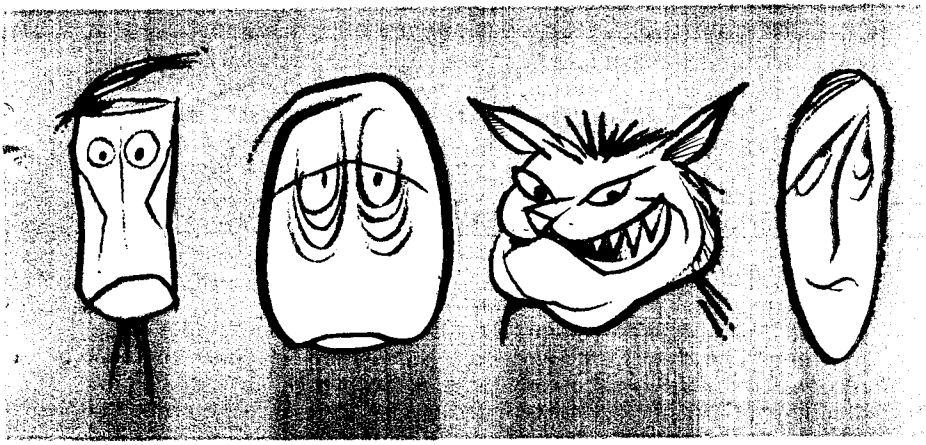

turkey pot pie, tamales, chop suey and Spanish rice. He, also, has a case of beer in his car.

This is the lonely, hungry man who welcomes his returning helpmate by arriving at the station a full hour before her train does.

Early to bed. The third type is a pathetic victim of good intentions. His idea is to get plenty of rest and relaxation: come straight home from work, eat something simple and hit the hay.

The first night he knocks off 12 or 14 hours of sleep and wakes up feeling wonderful. But the second night he is so rested he can't sleep. So he reads, putters in the basement, reads more, tries to sleep but fails, drinks a pot of coffee, paces the floor, and finally drops into fitful slumber just as the sky begins to glow dimly in the east.

The following night he has no trouble popping off at eight o'clock. And he's hopelessly wide awake at three. Never gets back to sleep, either. Consequently, he is barely able to stagger through the day.

From then on, it's early to bed and up with the owls. Night is day until his wife gets home.

Out with the boys. The fourth type has no good intentions whatever. Quite the contrary. With no responsibility, no explanations to make, no one to get home to, this dog is determined to have his day, every day.

He plans to go out with the boys —and discovers that the boys have wives who have not gone to visit Mother for a week or two. They are right on the job. Hence, no one to go out with.

Ever notice lonely men wandering along downtown streets at dusk, pausing to study movie posters, then shuffling aimlessly on again? No human derelicts they, but wifeless husbands who had plotted a fortnight of riot.

Pot (or bad) luck. Finally, there is the type who welcomes his liberation too loudly. He can't help exulting, and word gets around. First thing he knows, he's booked solid for the entire week with dinner

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invitations from neighbor wives.

"We won't fuss," they all say. "Just come over and take pot luck."

So he spends his furlough eating routine meals and helping put other people's children to bed. And he can't just eat and run, either. He must hang around and be sociable with his benefactors. Being *out* until midnight every night, he learns, is much harder than merely being *up* until midnight.

Where did those short-term bachelors go wrong? The answer is plain: none recognized his wife's vacation as a double-edged deal—opportunity and responsibility in equal portions.

That is the core of the problem. You must strive for a modest round of pleasure, plus credit for good behavior, an artful blend of duty and indulgence. Excess on either side spells ruin.

Unfortunately, no outsider can prescribe the proper mixture for you. Too much depends on what your wife expects of you, a subject on which you are the world's second greatest authority. In average cases, however, these practical pointers will be of help:

Announce a full schedule of work projects before your wife decrees one. (Hers would keep you sweating until Christmas.) Thus you pick jobs that can be quietly turned over to hired labor, freeing time for you to watch the TV fights.

Never come home at nine. That creates gossip about your irregular habits. Come home at six, or stay away until midnight, when all observers are safely in bed.

Keep a tidy house. Select one knife, fork, spoon, plate and cup (no saucer). Use no others.

Don't soil the dish towels. Let your dishes air-dry. Home economists say this is very hygienic, and you owe it to your family to look after your health.

Air your bed thoroughly. This, too, is hygienic. If your wife will be gone two weeks, air your bed for two weeks. You can't be more hygienic than that.

Retain the cleaning woman. She won't have much to do, but maybe you can jolly her into something special, like washing the windows. Take credit for doing this yourself (if you can without actually lying).

Make some improvements. There are many things a thoughtful husband can do to make the home more pleasant. Snag more space in the medicine chest for shaving gear, for example, or hide all those little ash trays.

Eat nourishing food. The best way is to eat downtown, often and well.

Be brave. The hours really are no longer than before. Normality and your wife will return on schedule. If she suspects you pine when she is away, she may never take another vacation. And surely you wouldn't do that to her!

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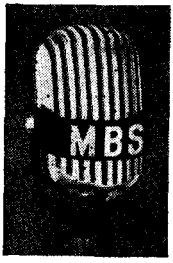

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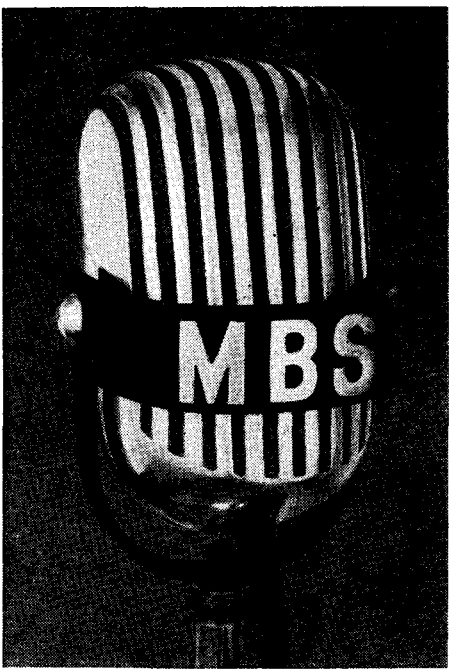

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